







THE FLAG OF RUSSIA.

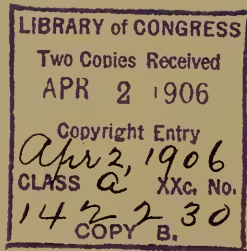
LITTLE JOURNEYS
TO
RUSSIA
AND
AUSTRIA-HUNGARY

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY
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A LITTLE JOURNEY TO RUSSIA

RUSSIA is a country where the Ice King reigns half the year; where in winter the rivers freeze so deeply that railroads can be built on them and sledge roads are made the full length of their shining surface; where the lakes are ploughed by huge steamers which instead of cutting the waves *bore* their way through the ice; where sleighs fly over the slippery streets for so many months of the year that when summer really comes the horses seem unable to slacken their speed, but tear along the road at the same mad pace, dragging the carriages after them.

The thermometer shows so many degrees of cold in this country that one's nose may become frosted before he knows it and have to be rubbed with snow to save it from freezing. The rich bundle up in furs until the city streets look like an animal exhibit, while the poor do not take off their clothing even at bedtime, but lie down to sleep, on top of their immense brick stoves, with their sheepskin coats still on.

For about eight months every year the Russians shiver in the darkness, for the sun rises very late in the morning—long after we Americans have gone to school—and it sets in mid-afternoon. Then summer

comes with scorching heat, and the sun takes to shining all day and nearly all night. Snow and ice quickly disappear. A wealth of brilliant-hued flowers gives



NICHOLAS II., CZAR OF RUSSIA

color to parks and moors, and tourists arriving at this season find it hard to believe all the tales they have heard of Arctic cold in the czar's land.

Of course we all know that the czar is the Emperor of Russia. He rules over a giant country. It occupies one-sixth of the land surface of the entire globe, and is second in size

to the British Empire only. It is even more imposing than King Edward's realm, for the British Empire is composed of many lands scattered here and there and widely separated by oceans and continents.

Russia sweeps straight across Northern Europe and Asia. It is continuous. Beginning in the west with Finland, it goes on with European Russia, Poland,



the Caucasus, a great slice of central Asia, Siberia, and stops only at the Pacific coast. Its area is 8,644,100 square miles. As an American traveler has said, "All the United States with Alaska would hardly make a patch for the healing of a rent on Russia's vast garment." And by the time you read this, the area may have increased several thousand square miles, for Russia adds new territory to her possessions with as much ease as she adds ships to her navy.

Nicholas II., the czar, is the richest and most powerful monarch of the world to-day, though only thirty-five years of age. He is what we call a despot—a sovereign whose will is law. He may deal with his subjects as he wishes; he rules *absolutely* over 113,000,000 people! And yet he is a very modest young man. Nicholas II. is the nephew of the gracious Queen Alexandra of England, and his sweet-faced wife was Queen Victoria's favorite granddaughter. This royal couple have four daughters and a son. They are taught English as well as Russian, and play with dolls and eat oatmeal for breakfast quite as naturally as though their papa were not a despot, the Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias, Czar of Poland, and Grand-Prince of Finland.

CHARACTER OF THE COUNTRY

What shall we see in czarland? Not fine scenery certainly—just a vast flat farm, just plains and steppes, swamps and moors, desert wastes and bleak forests. There is little seaboard, and most of that little is on the ice-bound Arctic coast, or on the inland seas, the Black and the Caspian. The mountains are far away

on the boundary line of European Russia. To those who have seen the Alps, or the Rockies, the Ural Mountains do not seem worth a visit, though they are rich in precious stones, in gold, silver, lead and iron. The Caucasus Mountains, between the Black and Caspian seas, are famed for their fine scenery, but they lie out of the track of our little journey. We shall be able to visit only a few places in European Russia.

The czar has over a hundred different peoples and tribes in his empire. In order to be able to talk with them all in their native tongue he would have to learn about forty different languages and dialects. There are the Finns, the

Poles, the Germans, the Jews, the Armenians, the Georgians, the Tartars, and all manner of strange Asiatic tribes. We shall not be able to visit all of these in their home-villages, but in our short journey we shall see the Russian people in every walk of life:



"THE POLICE WATCH EVERY MAN,
WOMAN AND CHILD"

princes, pilgrims, Siberian exiles, soldiers, beggars, pedlars, tramps—and the *police*!

We may not even travel in Russia without the permission of the police. We must have passports telling who we are, whence we are come, where we are going, and much else about our private affairs. The police take charge of our passports during our stay in each place. We must have their permission to go even from one village to another. They are always at hand, in every corner of the empire, to demand one's passport and ask one questions.

The police watch every man, woman, and child in Russia just as closely as they watch foreigners. They know the whereabouts of every one, down to the poor servant lass who goes on a short visit. They can tell what route she takes, the shops she enters, and with whom she talks. What the regular police do not know, the secret police find out. Nothing is easier in Russia than to be arrested "on suspicion" by the secret police and exiled to Siberia. If the suspected person is not a subject of the czar, he is escorted out of the country and forbidden to return.

In Russia it is not safe to talk carelessly about the czar, his officials, the form of government, the Greek Church, or the police. For there is no telling to what the most innocent remark may lead. One may not even read such books and papers as he chooses. The Censor is a powerful official who decides what may or may not be printed and read in the empire, and a strict judge he is. A journey to Russia may prove exciting indeed. We mean to avoid suspicious conduct, but if we should be arrested and thrown into a

dungeon for a week or two, it would certainly be an experience worth describing in our letters home.

With the feeling that we do not know what a day may bring forth, we plan our trip to this strange land. We shall visit, first, St. Petersburg, the capital of the empire, the story of whose building by Peter the Great reads like a tale of the days of giants. We must go to Moscow, once the only capital of Russia, and now the Holy City to all devout Russians. We shall make our way northward almost to reindeer land, to the Holy Isles in the White Sea, and steam down the Volga River to the southern limits of the empire. We must have a glimpse of Warsaw, the ancient capital of Poland, and cross the Gulf of Finland to the land of the Finns. And so let us be off!

ST. PETERSBURG

An ocean steamer carries us across the Baltic Sea and eastward through the Gulf of Finland. Kronstadt, a strong fortress on an island, here guards the entrance to the czar's country. While we are gazing from the steamer's deck upon the wharves, dockyards, and batteries of Kronstadt, some uniformed officials come on board. One of them prepares to examine our passports. To our surprise, he signs ours without objection.

Not all the passengers have such luck. One party of English people have to land at Kronstadt and wait, under the care of the police, until their passports are made right. Nobody knows what is wrong with the papers—nobody but the official, who looks as important as though the czar's life were intrusted to his sole care.



RUSSIAN CAB DRIVER

And now our boat steams up the broad River Neva toward the city of Peter the Great, the capital of the Russian Empire. The Neva flows from Lake Ladoga, the largest lake in Europe, into the Gulf of Finland. On the banks of the stream and on the numerous islands formed by the different river mouths,

stands St. Petersburg. We see its cluster of roofs, domes, spires, and pinnacles ahead of us. One immense golden dome shines like a ball of fire. That is the dome of St. Isaac's Cathedral. And there, rising against the sky, is a high, glittering spire as fine as a needle to our sight—the spire of the fortress church beneath which lie buried Peter the Great and all the czars since his time.

More bearded officials in uniform meet us as we land at the city docks. Here is the customhouse, where we pay the examiner a silver ruble (worth about fifty-eight cents), to keep him from turning the contents

of our trunks upside down. And here are the droshky or cab drivers disputing with one another for the privilege of taking us to a hotel.

The Neva, glistening, and broad as a lake, its water of the clearest blue, is covered with sea-going craft, pleasure boats, river barges, and fishing smacks. The river banks are faced with massive red granite quays; buildings of solid masonry overlook the water. Islands far out in the river are covered with buildings.

People all about us are speaking in the strange Russian tongue. More than half the men seem to be in uniform. Their badges often show a silver double-headed eagle. This double-headed eagle is a symbol of the united Eastern and Western empires.

Racing through the broad, broad streets in a droshky, we get a general idea of St. Petersburg. It is just a fine modern city with wide streets, huge palaces, excellent shops, some green squares, parks, and pleasure grounds, a monument here and there, and a busy populace. It might be a German city, or a French one, or even an American one, except for the appearance of the people.

We see a priest of the Greek Church. He has long hair and flowing robes, and even wears a beard. He looks like no priest we have ever seen before. And there go some peasants in red cotton blouses, queer caps, and baggy trousers tucked inside huge boots. A Russian peasant is called a *mujik*. Now we pass a street shrine where a Russian peasant woman in short skirts and richly embroidered apron is kneeling before the picture of a saint. Now we see a church with a cluster of big domes painted blue and dotted

with gold stars. Another church has green domes. Many of the houses are covered with stucco and painted terra cotta, pale pink, or yellow. The roofs are of sheet iron colored red or green.

Our droshky is a humble little vehicle, very uncomfortable, in which there is barely room for two passengers. It is drawn by a single horse wearing so little harness that we wonder what holds him to the carriage. Over his head is a high arched yoke gaily painted. The droshky driver sits on a high seat in front. He is a great big fellow, with a baggy coat belted in at the waist, high boots, and a cloth cap which he lifts politely in answering our questions. He speaks broken English, learned during a year's stay in the United States.

Many of this driver's friends have emigrated to America, he says. While his old mother lives he must stay in Russia. But when she is gone, back he will go to the land where passports and secret police, and censors, and low wages cease from troubling an honest workman.

Our cabman drives furiously, making us rejoice that the droshky is swung close to the ground so that an upset would not injure us greatly. Though the sturdy little horse goes at a frightful pace, he never runs into anything, being easily controlled. Cab-drivers here are arrested if they injure a pedestrian. A droshky driver is called an *isvoshchik*, which word serves as a sample of the Russian language.

Our hotel looks like any large modern hotel, but it proves to be second-rate, as are the hotels of all Russian cities. The rooms are untidy, the servants lazy and

talkative, and there are fleas in the carpets, and elsewhere. But the beds are clean, so we unpack our baggage, hang up our United States flag and our picture of the President, and order tea served in our room. Each floor of the hotel has its own servants and a little kitchen, from which one may quickly obtain a "short order" meal of tea, toast, eggs, and other simply prepared dishes.

The waitress brings us a Russian tea urn, called a samovar. This is a tall copper urn with a cylinder in the center where charcoal burns. This keeps the water in the urn at boiling heat, so that tea may be freshly made for each cup. The samovar belongs particularly to Russia, which is a nation of tea-drinkers. The Russians import vast quantities of tea from China, some of it of very fine quality. While here, we shall drink our tea in Russian style, from a glass, with a slice of lemon in it, no milk, and the lump of sugar held in our fingers, to be sucked between sips.

At seven o'clock in the evening we have a Russian dinner; and if the hotels are second-rate in other respects, they are "tip-top" when it comes to meals. Russians are hearty eaters. The meal begins with an "appetizer." On the sideboard are numerous dishes, containing cheese, dried fruits, pickles, potted fish, smoked sturgeon, smoked ham, pickled herring, chicken and game; and there, too, are wines, and wonderful Russian brews, spicy and delicious.

The appetizer seems to us a full meal in itself, and after it come soups, fish pie, roasts, vegetables, puddings and confectionery, with glass after glass of scalding hot tea.

We are delighted with the cakes, pastry, and sweets. Russians have famous appetites for such goodies. Nowhere else in Europe do pastry-cooks and candy-makers receive wages so high as those paid them in St. Petersburg, Moscow, Odessa, and other Russian cities. Some one has said that a Russian may be without towels and soap, combs and brushes, brooms and matches, but nowhere is he far from a candy shop.

We taste none of the peculiar Russian dishes of which we have heard, leaving them till chance takes us to a restaurant later on. We give our waiter some kopecks (copper coins worth one hundredth part of a silver ruble), and, summoning a droshky, start for an after-dinner drive through the beautiful summer gardens on the islands of the Neva.

These islands are connected by numerous fine bridges, and are occupied by public buildings, the summer villas of the nobles, pleasure gardens, driveways, open-air theaters, and pavilions where bands play. On the



A PIE SELLER

island of Vassili Ostroff are the customhouse, the Academy of Sciences, the Academy of Fine Arts, the barracks, the buildings of the mining corps, the Exchange, and other stately structures.

We go to Strelka Point and have a splendid view of this mighty city. We look out toward the Gulf of Finland and still may see the sunset glow across its waters. One could see the summer sun all night long from the top of a high building. We drive from island to island, often in a fairyland of lights, fountains, flower gardens, pavilions, terraces, swaying vines and shadowy trees. Boats with festoons of electric lights ply the river in every direction. Music sounds from café and garden.

It is a fascinating place, and the very next morning we return to the summer gardens and loiter about amid the trees, looking at the flowers, fountains, and statuary.

We see a monument to Kriloff, the Russian writer of fables, who was the special delight of Russian children. They still like to read his queer stories about horses, cows, sheep, donkeys, foxes, wolves, hens, and other fur and feather folk. Kriloff died at St. Petersburg in 1844. Around the pedestal of his monument figures of his animal friends are carved in relief. Kriloff himself is represented in his dressing-gown, seated in his arm chair, apparently gazing down upon this procession of animals.

Looking upon the Neva, its banks and islands, we see how low is the site of the city. It was built on marshes and has several times been flooded by the waters of the Gulf of Finland, which, driven by terrible

winds, backed up into the river, causing an overflow. St. Petersburg is an unhealthful place. Fevers rage among the poor, who live in crowded underground rooms along the river banks. When the Neva rises high these wretched cellar homes are flooded, and the tenants are driven out upon the street. Then as soon



ALEXANDER COLUMN AND THE GENERALTY

as the waters subside, the poor return to their unwholesome homes, where disease sweeps them off by hundreds.

How did the Russian capital happen to be built in such a spot? Let us visit the tomb of its founder, Peter the Great—the truly greatest czar in Russian history, and one of the most remarkable men in all

history—and there speak of the founding of this city. East of the island of Vassili Ostroff is the fortress island with its Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul. This cathedral is the burial place of Peter the Great and of all the czars but one since his time. We pass within the dark fortress walls (for the cathedral is inside the fortress) and before entering the church pause to look up at its beautiful spire, which we saw on approaching the city. Richly gilded, the spire rises over three hundred feet above the ground. On its peak stands the figure of an angel bearing aloft a cross.

In the gloomy interior of the church are the marble tombs of Russian royalty whose bodies lie beneath the floor. Here rests Czar Peter; and but a few steps from this church is the little hut where he lived while superintending the building of his capital city. He laid the foundations of this fortress in 1703, as the very beginning of St. Petersburg.

Although Russia is over a thousand years old, she is still called a young nation. This is because for many centuries she was not half civilized, was even a barbarous nation, and so was of small importance among the civilized peoples of Europe. For over two centuries (from 1237 to 1481) Russia was overrun by the Tartars, an Asiatic horde, cruel and barbarous, and was subject to them.

When New York city had been settled nearly a hundred years, and Boston over seventy, the place where St. Petersburg now stands was a desolate swamp half under water, surrounded by forests, its wastes visited by only a few poor fishermen. Russia was

still a country of which the rest of Europe knew little and for which it cared less.

Russians then lived as do the half-civilized peoples of the Far East to-day. The men wore robes and flowing beards, and kept their wives and daughters hidden in a kind of harem. When the women appeared in the streets they were veiled, or rode in carriages with curtains drawn. Wife-beating was a common custom; only priests advised the husbands not to use too thick a club.

When the czar's subjects appeared before their ruler they prostrated themselves to the ground, with heads bent in the dust. Schools, libraries, museums, hospitals were wholly lacking. There was no navy; no disciplined Russian army. In remoter parts of the land bands of armed men pillaged and plundered as they chose. The czar murdered his subjects, and the people now and then murdered a czar. Moscow was the capital.

Peter the Great began to reign when he was seventeen years old. His elder sister Sophia had tried to keep the government in her own hands and to make him unfit to rule by purposely giving him no education and placing every evil temptation in his way. He had a hot temper, was coarse in manner and ignorant of books. But he had a keen thirst for knowledge, high ambitions for his empire, and a will of iron.

His empire was then inland, except on the northern boundary, where the Polar sea broke on icebergs. Archangel, his only seaport, was ice-bound almost the year around. The Swedes were between Peter's land and the Baltic; the Turks kept him from the

Black Sea; and the Persians were in possession of the region along the Caspian. Peter knew that no country could prosper without communication by sea with other lands. He wanted a seaport, "a window toward Europe."

"It is not land I need, but water!" he cried. So he fought the Swedes until he wrested from them the Baltic provinces. This gave him a seaboard.

The only place for his seaport was thus the low land where the River Neva flows into the Gulf of Finland. It was a most unpromising site for a city. The sea often flooded these swamps. It was so far north that the harbor would be ice-bound six months in the year, while for two months every year there is no night at all, dawn beginning where



PETER THE GREAT

twilight ends; and for two winter months the daylight lasts less than five hours in every twenty-four.

There was not only no dry land upon which to build a city, but also no material with which to construct it—no stones, clay, or wood. To cap all these difficulties, there were no workmen, and no tools; and lying in wait for Peter, just across the Baltic Sea, was his chief enemy, King Charles XII. of Sweden.

Peter cared nothing for difficulties. He enjoyed hard tasks. When he decided to do a thing, he did

it. He built his log hut here on this island of the Neva, and with his own hands laid the first stones of the fortress.

Thousands of laborers were brought to the task from all parts of his empire: Finns, Russians, Tartars, Cossacks, even criminals from Siberia. They had no tools; so Peter ordered them to dig with their hands and carry earth in their caps or in bags made of their clothing. Stone was needed; so Peter prohibited the use of stone in any other city of his empire and had every boat in Russia bringing stone to his new capital.

Cold, hunger, and fevers killed his workmen. More were brought to take their places. Over a hundred thousand men perished during the first year of building St. Petersburg. Meantime Charles XII. of Sweden sent word that when he had time he would come and burn down Peter's wooden town.

In less than nine years the new capital was ready for inhabitants. It was protected by the fortress on this island, and had a harbor. Peter now ordered people to come and live in his city. Three hundred and fifty noble families were moved from Moscow to St. Petersburg, where they were forced to build palaces for themselves in the places pointed out to them by Peter. He commanded merchants, artisans, and mechanics to move hither from every part of his empire. He brought artists and engineers from all over Europe to his city, selecting the inhabitants for his new capital just as a housekeeper would choose furniture for her house.

Splendid buildings rose in St. Petersburg on all

sides. Much care had to be taken in laying all foundations, because the soil was wet and yielding. It is said that the foundations of St. Petersburg have cost almost as much as the city. Piles must be driven into the marshy land, one upon another, extending downward row on row until a building reaches as far into the earth as it does into the air.

Thus six hundred acres have been reclaimed from waste land and made into the city of Peter the Great. Charles XII. did not burn down Peter's wooden town. He was defeated by Peter once and for all at Poltava.

Peter's little hut on the fortress island has been carefully preserved by enclosing it within an outer shell. One little room has been fitted up as a chapel, to which many devout Russians come often for prayer.

Leaving the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, we cross the Neva to the main part of the city. Let us drive down the chief boulevard, called the Nevski Prospect. It runs parallel with the Neva, giving a view of the river, as its name indicates. At one end of this fine boulevard is the building of the Admiralty, with a tall gilt spire bearing on its peak a golden ship for a weathervane.

From the Admiralty square, the Nevski Prospect extends three miles in a straight, level course. It is as broad as a Paris boulevard and is bordered by handsome buildings, churches, shops, the Winter Palace, St. Isaac's Cathedral, the Imperial Library, the home of Nicholas II. and his family, and other places of interest.

Pedestrians and vehicles throng the Nevski at all hours, yet so broad are these St. Petersburg streets

and so vast the squares, that one almost feels lonely. The crowds of people do not seem like crowds. However, St. Petersburg has a population of 1,003,315. It is the fourth city in size in Europe.

Among the handsome coaches and smart traps on the Nevski, we see many *troikas*. A troika is a vehicle drawn by three horses abreast, only the middle horse being harnessed in the shafts, with the high arched yoke over his neck. The two outer horses, harnessed by a rein, have their heads bent outward. They must be kept at a gallop, the middle horse at a desperate trot. At its best, the troika is a very dashing turnout, peculiarly Russian.



A HOUSE PORTER CARRYING WATER

In winter the sleighs, drawn by three horses thus harnessed, must be a gallant sight. On country roads bells jingle on the high yokes of the horses, but in the cities no bells are permitted. Instead the drivers shout a warning to one another as they meet. Add to this the snap-

ping of whips, the clucking noise that the drivers make as they urge forward their swift horses, and the cries of "Faster! faster!" from gay merry-makers in the sleighs, and the scene must be exciting.

Almost as swiftly as a sleigh our carriage flies up and down the Nevski, finally leaving us at Admiralty Place, the square where are situated the chief public buildings. Here we see the splendid equestrian statue of Peter the Great. It is of bronze, mounted upon a block of Finland granite which weighs fifteen hundred tons—said to be the very stone on which Peter stood watching while his navy gained a victory over the Swedes.

The monument represents Peter astride his steed, which he is reining in at full gallop on the brink of a precipice. His face is turned toward the Neva, while his right hand points to the city which he caused to rise from the frozen swamps. Under the horse's feet is a serpent, the symbol of those obstacles which Peter overcame in building his capital. Falconet, a French sculptor, designed this monument for the Empress Catherine II. The inscription upon it reads.

TO PETER I.

FROM CATHERINE II.

1782

Peter's monument peers out through the trees of a little park, upon the great church opposite it.

RUSSIAN CHURCHES

St. Isaac's Cathedral is one of the grandest modern churches of Europe. Its golden dome rising brightly above the city roofs is always the first object to catch

the eyes of the traveler approaching St. Petersburg. This mighty central dome is surrounded by a cluster of smaller ones, each surmounted by a gilded cross.

Mounting to the central dome, we have a broad view of the city, which, as some one has said, looks from here like a barge so overladen, in the midst of



ST. ISAAC'S CATHEDRAL

the waters, that if one put a few more tons upon it it would sink. Some people even prophesy that St. Petersburg will be destroyed by flood one of these days.

From this dome we look directly down upon St. Isaac's roof. The church is of marble and Finland granite, built in the form of a Greek cross. All the treasures of Russian quarries and Russian mines

have been brought together in adorning it. Descending to the street, we enter the church by one of the four magnificent entrances. Each is approached by three flights of stone steps, and each flight is cut from a single block of rose granite.

We pass through a portico supported by granite pillars polished like mirrors. Each pillar is a monolith (a column cut from a single block of stone) 60 feet high and 7 feet in diameter, with a weight of 128 tons. These monoliths are the largest ever quarried. No wonder it took twenty-five years merely to lay the foundations of this massive building. Forty years were consumed in building the cathedral, and \$14,000,000. In all \$65,000,000 has been expended upon it since it was begun.



A BISHOP OF THE GREEK CHURCH

In this great church a priest is conducting service. A burst of glorious music greets us as we enter. The congregation is standing. Many persons hold tapers in their hands. Lights blaze here and there before

holy pictures adorned with countless jewels. The priest is in the richest robes and chants his part of the service with a splendid bass voice. All about we look upon gems, carvings, and jewel-decked paintings. The pavement is of variegated marble; the altars blaze with precious stones; the walls are inlaid with verd-antique.

There is no organ. The Russian Church has no music but that of male voices; but the services are almost all music, and the voices are such as we may hear nowhere else in the world. Nowhere outside of Russia are there such basses, while the soprano sung by boys is wonderfully sweet and clear. The choir is concealed from view behind a screen.

There are no pews. The congregation stands or kneels. Even the czar must stand. As the service often lasts two hours, this is a test of one's piety and strength. But the Russian churches are crowded always. There never was a more religious people than the Russians. Besides, they must obey their priests. Usually there are even more men at church than women. Women are never allowed to sing in a Russian church; nor may they enter the holy place, a sacred room behind the altar.

We see no images in this cathedral such as are everywhere in a Roman Catholic Church. The Greek Church (or Russian, as we have been calling it) does not permit the use of images. Instead there are sacred pictures of the Saviour, the Virgin and the saints, called *icons*. Every icon in the church is framed with rich jewels, the gift of worshipers whose prayers to the saint have been answered.

On entering a church the pious Russian buys a candle to place before the icon of his guardian angel. Kneeling before the picture, he kisses it, and bows his forehead to the pavement in prayer. Often during the service the members of the congregation fall upon their knees, bowing their foreheads to the floor.

Prayer is to the Russians an hourly exercise. They are forever prostrating themselves in prayer, making the sign of the cross, and burning candles before icons. Saints' days are constantly being celebrated. Feasts and fasts occupy so many days that a devout Russian has left but one hundred and thirty working days in a year. The Greek Church has endless rites and ceremonies. Baptisms, marriages, deaths, harvests—all are honored by the Church with long religious ceremonies. All new buildings must be blessed by the priest before they are used, even hotels, railway stations, jails, and factories.

After the people have left St. Isaac's Cathedral, we spend an hour or more examining the ornaments and treasures of this vast church. The columns of malachite are the largest columns of this costly mineral found anywhere in the world. There are beautiful pillars of lapis-lazuli, and exquisite mosaics.

The chief wealth of treasure consists in the jeweled icons. An icon is like no other painting, for only the face and hands of the figure are painted, the rest of the picture is raised work in silver or gold. The frames of many are closely set with rubies, diamonds, amethysts, sapphires, and pearls. Stored away in caskets are the richest of priestly vestments and other relics. The Greek Church is not

only the most ancient Christian church, but also the richest by far.

We pass a street shrine, one of many hundred in St. Petersburg. These shrines are tiny chapels which in appearance have been likened to toll-houses. Each has on its walls the picture of the saint to which it is dedicated. Every passer-by crosses himself, doffs his cap, or kneels in prayer at the shrine.

This shrine near the St. Nicholas Bridge is dedicated to Saint Nicholas. A mujik is kneeling, with his forehead upon the ground, before the sacred picture of Saint Nicholas; he even kisses the pavement. Nicholas is a popular saint, being the patron of children, sailors, pilgrims, nobles, and adventurers. The Book of Saints declares him the most powerful saint in heaven, though he was once just a poor Russian priest.

All along the splendid Nevski Prospect are churches. Indeed, this boulevard has been called "Toleration Avenue" because it is bordered by churches of so many different faiths: Greek, Roman Catholic, Dutch, Lutheran, and Armenian. The Cathedral of our Lady of Kazan is dedicated to the Virgin, and has a wealth of precious stones and jewels lavished upon it.

Kazan, in eastern Russia, was once a Tartar capital, strongly fortified and defended, and a source of much trouble to the Russians. Under Ivan the Terrible, a fierce, warlike czar, the Russian soldiers took Kazan, carrying at the head of their columns a precious picture of the Virgin. They believed that the Virgin gave them the victory over their Tartar enemies, and they built this cathedral in memory of

the event. The picture, richly covered with jewels and pearls, is worshiped here.

We see here on the walls all manner of war trophies; flags taken in battle and keys of captured cities; and here are even tombs of generals killed in the war with France. It seems strange to attend service in this vast church, where the chorus of men's voices rises to the roof in solemn chants; where prayers, and incense, and kneeling figures all speak of peace in the midst of memories of wars on wars.

We see a church of white marble, the Smolni Cathedral; and the splendid Memorial Church, built on the spot where Alexander II. was assassinated by dynamite bombs thrown by Nihilists.

Around the belfries of all the churches fly flocks of pigeons. Such a fluttering of wings as there always is about the spires and domes! We see many crows and magpies, too, but the pigeon, or dove, is sacred in Russia. The people say that the Holy Spirit descended upon Christ in the form of a dove, and so the dove must be protected and cared for.

SIGHTS OF THE CITY

Not far from St. Isaac's Cathedral we see the famous Alexander column. It stands before a crescent-shaped line of buildings called the staff headquarters and rises to a total height of 154 feet. St. Petersburg is proud of this column because the shaft, 84 feet high and 14 feet in diameter, is the largest monolith of modern times. It is of red Finland granite and rises from a pedestal of bronze, being surmounted by a bronze capital. On the capital stands the figure of



WINTER PALACE AND ALEXANDER COLUMN

an angel bearing aloft a cross. The angel is 14 feet high—over twice the height of a tall man. The bronze used for pedestal and capital was melted down from Turkish cannon captured in battle. On the pedestal is a simple inscription:

GRATEFUL RUSSIA TO ALEXANDER I.

Alexander I. was czar when Napoleon Bonaparte marched into Russia with a vast army to conquer the empire; but the Russians set fire to Moscow, compelled the French to retreat in winter when snow and storm killed many, and delivered not only Russia but all Europe from the French conqueror. Alexander I. was hailed as the Deliverer.

Because of its great weight the column was given a foundation about 150 feet deep. Yet it is said to be settling slowly downward and thus may be destroyed in time. The climate is so severe in winter that all the monuments and public buildings are suffering. Every June, in St. Petersburg, an army of painters and decorators is set at work recoloring the stucco houses and repairing the chipped and cracked ornaments on the buildings. So summer shows the capital beautified anew.

On the Neva bank facing the square of the Admiralty stands the Winter Palace. It is one of the largest and finest royal palaces in Europe, but is now used only for court receptions, balls, and state ceremonies. The czar Nicholas II. and his family, when in St. Petersburg, live in the Anitchkoff Palace on the Nevski Prospect. Near the Winter Palace we pass a small guard-house, before which stands a palace guard as immovable as a statue. He wears an enormous top-lofty fur cap, his uniform is decorated with straps and medals, and the rifle by his side is highly polished.

The Winter Palace has always been well guarded, but in spite of care the Nihilists, a party of desperate people who wished to overthrow the Government, gained entrance there about twenty years ago and blew up with dynamite a portion of several rooms. Alexander II. was czar at that time. He was grandfather of the present czar and is called the Emancipator, because in 1861 he freed the serfs of his empire.

After two hundred and sixty years of serfdom, fifty million Russian peasants became free men at the command of Alexander II. As serfs they were

fixed to the soil which they tilled. When an estate was sold the serfs went with it as a part of the fixtures, like the cattle and farm implements. Their condition was one of utter misery. Several czars had determined to abolish serfdom, but until Alexander II. came to the throne no one ever really undertook the task. The peasants greatly loved him; so did all good people in his empire. But the Nihilists hated czars and determined to kill him. Five times they attempted it and twice nearly succeeded.

After being conducted through one imposing apartment after another in the Winter Palace, where polished marble, frescos, paintings, gems, statuary, and costly curios glitter everywhere, we come to a simple little room sacred to the memory of Alexander II. On Sunday morning, March 13, 1881, he left this little room, and went out to inspect a regiment of marines. An hour later he was carried back, fast bleeding to death, one leg shattered to the thigh, the other to the knee, and placed upon the narrow iron bed in the recess, and there he breathed his last.

As he was driving homeward to the palace a bomb had been thrown beneath his carriage. Stepping unhurt from the carriage to approach the assassin, whom the police had seized, he was struck down by another bomb. Then he was carried home to the little room.

Thus the Russian czar who freed fifty million slaves suffered death by assassination just as did our own Emancipator, Abraham Lincoln. The negro slaves were freed in 1863, but two years after Russian serfdom was abolished. Russia fought no war of libera-

tion; the serfs were bought from their owners by the Government, set free, and given enough land to make a home for each family.

We turn away, to wander through the Throne Room of Peter the Great, and through the vast Hall of St. George, which has been the scene of many grand balls and court receptions. This hall is 140 feet long and 60 feet wide; for court festivities it is transformed into a wonderful summer garden with tropical plants, flowers, foliage, music, and fountains, amid which the brilliant uniforms of the nobles and the satins and jewels of the ladies make a beautiful picture.

We see the crown jewels of Russia in a room guarded day and night. The czar's crown is heavy with diamonds, being in the form of a dome upon the top of



THE HERMITAGE

which is an immense ruby, bearing a cross of almost priceless diamonds. The czarina's crown is a mass of precious gems.

Adorning the czar's scepter is the famous Orloff diamond, said to be the most magnificent jewel in the world. Once this diamond formed the eye of an idol in a temple in India. A French soldier stole it and sold it for two thousand guineas. Finally it was bought by Prince Orloff, who paid over half a million dollars for it and presented it to Empress Catherine II.

We could spend days of sightseeing in the Winter Palace, it is so large. Several thousand people at a time have dwelt beneath its roof. Merely the brooms with which to sweep it cost a small fortune each year. The exterior is not really fine, though the size makes it imposing; the outer walls are of stucco, painted yellow and brown.

THE HERMITAGE

We cross a bridge from the Winter Palace to the Hermitage, now an art museum, but formerly a little palace built for Catherine II. as a refuge from the cares of her empire. Here she gathered about her a group of celebrated artists, musicians, men of letters and philosophers—just as Frederick the Great of Prussia had his group of illustrious men about him at Sans Souci Palace near Berlin.

The present Hermitage has been rebuilt since Catherine's time. It is rich in art treasures: pictures by Dutch, Flemish, German, and Spanish Old Masters; and collections of antique sculptures—especially specimens of Greek vases, urns, and the like, excavated

from ruins on the north coast of the Black Sea and supposed to have been wrought by Greek colonists six hundred years before the time of Christ. This is one of the most valuable collections.

There are in every nook of the Hermitage coins, gems, frescos, silken tapestries, porphyry vases, malachite tables, candelabra of violet jasper, ivory carvings, and rare books. We walk through long galleries full of books. It seems a pity that so much wealth should be shut up in palace libraries when forty-nine fiftieths of the Russian people receive no education in schools!

One gallery opening from the Hermitage contains relics of Peter the Great. In the center of the room is a life-size wax effigy of Peter, seated in his own chair. In his hand is a sword given him by a deposed ruler of Poland. Here is the chariot in which Peter often drove; and here the horse which he rode at the battle of Pultava, when he defeated Charles XII. of Sweden. The charger is stuffed and is kept in a glass case. His favorite dogs also are preserved here; and we are shown casts of Peter's head taken after his death. On the walls are several portraits of him, one done in mosaic.

Peter was a man of giant height. We see the wooden rod with which he was measured. It is notched a foot above a tall man's head. His walking stick is a heavy iron staff. We are shown his books, his tools (turning lathes, knives and chisels), specimens of his wood-carving, his telescopes, his drawing and surgical implements.

Peter early determined to civilize his subjects and make Russia a great power among European nations.

But first he must educate himself. So he studied foreign languages, science, art, ship-building and military tactics. Every art and handicraft which could help him in his purpose he mastered, working night and day. Besides, he sent fifty young nobles to European courts to study, and in time followed them, going to the Netherlands first, to learn ship-building and seamanship.

Dressing himself in disguise and calling himself Peter Mikhailof, a Dutch skipper, Peter worked at ship-building in the village of Zaandam, Holland. Then he studied in Amsterdam, learning anatomy, geography, astronomy; nothing escaped him. He learned about everything he saw; rope-making, cutlery, the whaling industry, paper manufacture, how to pull teeth, and how to use a microscope. He was entertained at stately receptions at The Hague, where the Dutch nobility thought the Czar of Russia the strangest man ever born. His immense size and rude manners and his eagerness to learn amazed them.

Peter decided that Russia must have a navy. So he returned home accompanied by a ship-load of naval officers, shipwrights, riggers and sail-makers, to teach his people seamanship. He was accompanied, too, by engineers, artists, surgeons and others distinguished in every art and profession.

With the aid of these he began to civilize his empire wholesale. He ordered all Russian men to shave their beards and dress in modern garments. At every city gate were stationed barbers and tailors, guarded by soldiers, whose duty it was to shave the long-bearded men and cut off their long coats. Of course

the Russians were bitterly opposed to all this, but Peter had his way. He decreed that the women should put aside veils, cease to live in harems, wear European clothing, and even attend balls and other social gatherings.

The nobles had always presented themselves prostrate before him, their faces laid in the dust. Peter ordered them up, even using a stick on them if they forgot their new manners. Strange as his method seems, it was largely successful. Russia quickly took on the outward appearance of modern civilization, where other barbaric nations have found it a slow growth. Peter established schools, hospitals, museums, a botanical garden, printing-houses, a medical college, and libraries. He gave Russia a navy, a disciplined army, and a brand-new seaport and capital city.

THE IMPERIAL LIBRARY

Loitering down the Nevski Prospect, we enter the Imperial Public Library. The catalogue tells us of the riches of this library. There are here over a million volumes and thousands of valuable manuscripts and engravings. Catherine II., the most famous empress of Russia, established this library; and her statue stands in front of the building. We are shown here the most valuable book in the world, a manuscript copy of the Old and New Testaments in Greek, written but three hundred and thirty years after the birth of Christ.

During the persecutions of the Christians by the Roman emperors, in the first centuries after Christ, one wicked emperor undertook to search out all the copies

of the sacred books and burn them. It looked as though the Bible would be destroyed, and the world would lose it. But the Christians hid their copies of it—there were but a few copies—guarding the sacred book at the risk of being tortured to death.

When Constantine, the first Christian emperor, began to reign, the best copies of the Bible were sought out, carefully compared, and revised. Then Constantine ordered fifty copies of this revised version to be made on the finest skins, by the best scribes. From these fifty copies all other editions were taken, but at length the fifty were no longer used and gradually disappeared.

In 1859 a learned gentleman, Tischendorf, discovered an ancient manuscript in the convent of St. Catherine on Mount Sinai. It was in excellent condition, not a single leaf had been lost or mutilated, and it proved to be one of those fifty copies made by order of Constantine! The story of its discovery by Tischendorf reads like a romance. The copy was brought to St. Petersburg and placed in the Imperial Library early in the nineteenth century.

There are over fifteen hundred manuscripts of the Bible in existence at present, but this one is the most valued of three very precious ones. The Alexandrine manuscript in the British Museum, London, and the Vatican manuscript in the Vatican at Rome are the other two.

THE MARKET

We spend much time among the shops of the Gostinnoi Dvor, the great marketplace on the Nevski

Prospect. It is like the bazaars of the Far East, with rows of small shops under one vast arcade. The articles for sale cover every need of man, it seems: furs, food, household goods, from the largest article to the least, clothing, carriages, pictures, horses, libraries, uniforms, flowers, tapestry, and curios from every land. We buy a brass samovar, and jewelry of malachite and lapis-lazuli from Siberian mines, and embroidered slippers and sashes from the Tartar provinces of eastern Russia, and a number of articles made in St. Petersburg factories.

Petersburg, as the Russians call their capital, is a commercial center for the whole empire. Goods come from far inland points to St. Petersburg by way of the canals which connect the different river systems with this harbor. Thousands of people are employed in the St. Petersburg factories. There are glass-works, tanneries, sugar-refineries, cotton-mills, breweries, tobacco-works, a porcelain manufactory, and a carpet manufactory modeled after that of the Gobelins at Paris.

As we loiter among the shops we see people from every province of the czar's empire. Here are beautiful women from Georgia, south of the Caucasus. Georgia is famous for its beautiful women. And here are Finns—short, sturdy, and always neat, though they are seldom handsome. The Poles look like their Russian kinsmen. They are dark-haired, fine-looking, and often distinguished in appearance and bearing. The Russian peasants, or mujiks, are a sad-faced people—weary, no doubt, with labor for many hours each day. There are sisters of charity from the con-

vents, coarsely-robed monks, barefooted pilgrims on their way to some shrine, policemen everywhere, students from the university, wealthy aristocrats in

elegant coaches with servants in livery, and shopkeepers eagerly showing them their choicest wares.

Many people are in uniform, for in Russia every professional man, every civil officer, every railroad employe, and every student, even to the school boys and girls, must wear a uniform. Doctors, teachers, artists, dentists, civil engineers, all are in uniforms prescribed by law.

Among the soldiers we are most interested in the Cossacks,

with their long dark blue coats, their trousers stuffed into heavy cavalry boots, their sabers and guns, and their warrior air. The Cossacks inhabit southeastern Russia. The men are born soldiers, tall, strong and fearless. The Cossack women are renowned for their beauty. As horsemen the Cossacks are not surpassed by any people. Their children learn to ride



THERE ARE POLICEMEN EVERYWHERE

almost before they learn to walk; their babies' cradle songs are war songs. All their training is for a soldier's life.

So no part of the Russian army is more important than the Cossack cavalry. All difficult scouting, sending of secret messages, sentinel duty, and the like is entrusted to the Cossacks in war time. Like Indians, they are quick to note signs of the enemy's presence, and are able to slip, undetected, across hostile territory, where no one else would venture.

The Cossack's horse is almost a part of him. These men can ride in any posture, standing up, leaning low at the horse's side, lying upon his back, or as they will. The rider checks his horse with a motion when going at a frightful pace, reins him in at the point of a precipice, or silently guides him almost through the very camp of the enemy.

Horse and rider have wonderful powers of endurance, never seeming to tire. They move so quickly and silently that the suddenness of their attack is terrible to the enemy. Sometimes in making an attack the Cossack flings himself to the ground, orders his horse to lie down in front of him, and resting his gun on the animal, fires from behind him as a breastwork.

WINTER IN THE CITY

We should like to visit St. Petersburg in winter. The czar returns from his summer palace; the nobility open their luxurious homes for the court season; in the theaters and opera houses are nightly performances by the finest actors and singers in the world; the shops are brilliant with lights, rich wares, and elegantly

clad shoppers; sleighs throng the streets and fly up and down the frozen Neva in bewildering confusion; and fun, frolic, and good cheer are in the very air.

The Neva ice is the center of winter sports. Part of it is a broad ice road, covered by sleighs and sledges and chairs on runners. On part a railway is laid each winter from St. Petersburg to Kronstadt. And on still another part skaters in furs make merry by the hour. Rich folk are given to buying skates made of gold or silver. One may even see skates set with pearls and precious stones. Diamonds are sometimes used for adornment. Russians naturally skate well, but care less for such sport than for sleighing. Ice-hilling, an amusement akin to our tobogganing, is popular. The ice-hills are built of wood in the form of a long slide. An icy path is made by letting water freeze on the slide, and down this inclined plane sleds dash at a terrific speed.

In January occurs the ceremony on the Neva called "blessing the waters." The czar, all the court officials, and the priests of the Greek Church gather at the Winter Palace and form a procession, which moves solemnly toward the middle of the river, on a carpeted board platform. In mid-stream a hole has been cut in the ice and a wooden temple built over it. The procession bearing lighted tapers arrives at the temple, where crowds have gathered to witness the ceremony.

The priest immerses the cross in the icy river, blesses the stream, prays that it may enrich the soil and bring prosperity to the people, and sprinkles the people with the consecrated water. Many carry away bottles



A RELIGIOUS PROCESSION

of the blessed water, believing it to have great power after the ceremony.

In country districts this "blessing of the waters" is believed by the superstitious peasants to rid them of evil spirits, water nixies, demons and the like.

In the spring, when the Neva ice breaks up, there is another ceremony at the Winter Palace. The fortress cannon boom a salute from the island, and the commander of the fortress crosses the Neva in a boat, to carry to the czar at the Winter Place a goblet of Neva water. With much pomp he announces to the czar that the river is open to commerce. The czar drinks the water and fills the goblet with silver coin.

Winter is a season of extravagant living in St. Petersburg. The capital is an expensive city in which to dwell, and the Russian aristocracy are reckless money-spenders. They entertain lavishly and expend fortunes on dress and in card-playing. Heavy eating and drinking, constant cigarette-smoking and drinking of tea, dances, theaters, operas, gambling—these are the diversions of wealthy Russians. Cards keep them occupied day and night, often run them into debt (for gambling is a part of card-playing), and are thrown aside only when the church services demand attention. Playing and praying are the chief occupations of a Russian, it has been said.

Debt hangs over many a family of seeming wealth. Most of the great estates of the Russian nobility are heavily mortgaged, the money obtained being used for pleasures.

The magnificent homes of these gay aristocrats have rooms crowded with costly furniture, paintings,

and bric-a-brac; yet we learn with astonishment, from those who know, that the elegance is all for show; that private rooms are untidy; that beds go unmade, floors unswept, clothing unbrushed; and that slovenly habits are not unknown in the most aristocratic families.

Hospitality is a Russian virtue. The samovar is always steaming in the drawing-room, that a chance guest may have a glass of delicious tea. The dining-table is loaded with good things. The host and hostess are ever ready with a cordial welcome. Educated Russians are brilliant talkers. They travel widely, speak several foreign languages (for Russians have a gift for languages), and are well read, in spite of the fact that they may not buy what books they wish, nor read all foreign papers.

The Censor bars from sale in Russia so many books that were a Russian gentleman to buy for his library the works which men in our own country think most necessary for their libraries, he would be exiled to Siberia for life. Siberia has always been a land for exiles—criminals and political offenders. It has been called the "Russian Prison."

The Censor has all foreign periodicals examined and everything not to his taste is "blackened out." A foreign paper frequently appears in Russia with numerous blackened spaces. Of course everybody is then curious to find out what was printed under those black squares. Often people write to friends abroad to send them clippings of the paragraphs blacked out. This is dangerous, however, for if it should be found out, they would be arrested.

When one wishes to give a ball or party, in Russia, he must first ask permission of the police. The guests must always be guarded in their conversation, too, for members of the secret police are present, watching everyone.

All public meetings for the discussion of any public subject whatever are forbidden in Russia. Sometimes the university students hold such a meeting in secret. But almost always the police discover the gathering, a riot follows, students are arrested wholesale, and a number of them may be sent to Siberia for several years of exile.

PLEASURE TRIPS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD

The summer resorts, villas, and royal palaces along the Neva and the Gulf of Finland are the objective points of pleasant excursions for us. We visit the royal estate of Tsars-Koe-Selo, fifteen miles from the city. The first railroad in Russia extended from St. Petersburg to Tsars-Koe-Selo, and was built by Americans. Catherine II. beautified this royal palace and has her name written in amber all over the walls of the famous Amber Room. There are amber walls, chairs and tables, even amber chess-boards and chess-men in the Amber Room. Another room at Tsars-Koe-Selo is the Hall of Lapis-Lazuli. Siberian mines furnished lapis-lazuli walls for this room, while the floor is of ebony, set with a mother-of-pearl mosaic in a flower design. The park surrounding the palace is beautiful, but we are chiefly interested in the black swans on the lake.

Peterhof is a summer residence which was built for

Peter the Great on the south bank of the Neva. The palace stands on an eminence overlooking the Gulf of Finland, and has as its most interesting room an apartment decorated for Catherine II. by an Italian artist. The walls are paneled with portraits of beautiful young women—eight hundred and sixty-three pictures—each lovely maid being represented in a different pose. Peterhof is celebrated for its splendid fountains and water-works, which are almost equal in wonder to those at Versailles in France.

Returning in a troika from Peterhof, we order our "cabby" to take us to a Russian restaurant. The restaurant has a picture sign showing different articles of food. So

few of the Russian people can read that shops often have picture signs. A sign showing coats and trousers is at the tailor's; one showing books we see at the book-shop; pictures of cabbages and turnips are displayed at the grocer's, and pictures of knives



A FLOOR RUBBER

and cutlery at the hardware dealer's. Entering the restaurant, we find ourselves in a large room filled with people drinking tea from glasses. Each table has a samovar steaming in the center, and each tea-drinker has his glass filled and refilled while he munches a lump of sugar between sips of tea.

The waiter serves us with *stchie*, the regular soup of the people. It is made of half-fermented cabbage, chopped with cold boiled mutton and flavored with butter, salt, barley and various herbs. The poorest peasants use linseed oil instead of butter. Another national dish served us is *borsch*. This is cabbage soup colored with beets and having other vegetables swimming in it. It is thickened with sour cream and eaten with a side dish of roasted buckwheat. A common beverage is *kvas*, made of fermented barley meal and honey.

We taste a soup of cold beer in which float bits of meat and cucumber. Delicious white bread is set before us, and there is black ryebread also. The fish pies make our mouths water, but we do not enjoy all of these Russian dishes at the first trial.

A RAILWAY JOURNEY

All Russian railway stations are large, well-built structures, surrounded by grassy lawns, adorned with flowers. Every station building was blessed by the priest before it was open for use. And in every one is an icon with a lamp burning before it. Russians always kneel before the icon and cross themselves before buying their railroad tickets.

We are shown to our places in the train by an official



P. Z. - VOYAGE AUX RENNES
(GOUVERNEMENT D'ARCHANGEL).

9009. Бзда на оленяхъ въ Архангельской губернии.

TRAVELING BY REINDEER

wearing a black uniform, high boots, astrakhan cap, and a silver badge on his breast showing the Russian double eagle. The Government owns most of the railroads. Our train has first, second and third class coaches, as good as the best in Europe, while the first-class sleepers are better than those one finds in France. In the dining-car meals are served at any time, always with the same queer collection of dishes. One could not tell from the food served whether he was eating breakfast, luncheon, dinner, or late supper.

Travel is very, very slow. The stops are long and tedious. Often the passengers are none too clean, and it is disagreeable to have to be near them. Even people of the better classes may have soiled hands, carelessly kept clothing, and a look of having economized on soap and towels. Yet there are no pleasanter, better-natured people than the Russians; and we enjoy making their acquaintance. All seem friendly to Americans, for American capital and American brains have been freely used in developing Russian industries. The first railways were built by Americans, and the Russian engines are still built like those in our own country.

We grow weary of the scenes from our car windows. Mile after mile we travel, seeing only monotonous plains, or long stretches of dreary forest, or great grain-fields; then more plains, more forest, more lonely fields. In southern Russia one could travel a week by railroad and see only wheat-fields.

We pass through no cities, but see now and then a shabby hamlet or a village. The poor little huts built of logs and thatched with straw stand in a

forlorn row on either side of a wagon road. The road is often a mere trail across the flat country, along which a peasant's cart travels with difficulty, sinking deep in mire or sand. The villagers about the railway station have coarse black hair, narrow, bead-like eyes, and low, furrowed brows. They wear rough clothing of homespun (or sheep-skin, in winter). For stockings, rags are tied about their legs; and sandals do duty for shoes. Even among the village children one seldom sees a bright, happy face.

Better villages have larger *izbas*. (A peasant's house is called an *izba*.) There is a white church, too, with green roof, gilded dome and glittering cross. Sometimes a monastery, with clustered domes and many crosses, is seen in the distance, its bells sounding clear and sweet when the train pauses. Russia is the land of sweet-toned bells.

One of our fellow passengers has been the full length of Russia's longest railroad, the Trans-Siberian, which extends from Moscow to Vladivostok on the Pacific Ocean. A branch leads from a point near Vladivostok down through Manchuria to the Russian seaport of Dalny. It took thirteen days of constant traveling to make the trip by rail from Dalny to Moscow.

Our friend tells us much of this wonderful trip across Siberia, of the monotonous level lands where the railroad points straight ahead like an arrow, while the lonely open steppes spread out on either side like the ocean; of the magnificent trains built for these long Trans-Siberian journeys, made up of sleeping, parlor and dining cars, with libraries, writing-tables, pianos, bathrooms with hot and cold water, and even a little

gymnasium for people who wish to stretch themselves on the long runs between stops. He says that soon it is hoped to increase the speed of the trains so that the journey from Vladivostok to Moscow will take but eight days.

Another important Russian railroad is the line from the southern shore of the Caspian Sea to Samarkand in central Asia, called the Trans-Caspian Railway.

We leave the train at one of the stops, to take luncheon in the station restaurant. The station is a handsome brick building, and the restaurant is a delight to hungry travelers. Every dish is properly cooked, piping hot, and well served, while the price for this excellent meal is but a ruble. Such good things one always finds in Russian railway restaurants!

From here we take a carriage for a seventy-mile drive across the country to the estate of a Russian gentleman. We wish to see the farm lands.

RUSSIA A GREAT FARM

The Russian Empire has been called the biggest farm on earth. While large sections of the country are barren wastes and vast morasses, and millions of acres are left uncultivated, there are enough farm lands left to keep eighty million people busy tilling the soil. The most productive grain lands lie between the Baltic Ocean and the Black Sea, extending eastward from Prussia and Austria to the Volga. Rye, wheat, barley, oats, hemp, flax, tobacco and sugar-beets are raised in such quantities that Russia is called the granary of Europe.

The czar owns about one-third of all the land. The

peasants own almost as much as the czar—in land granted them by the Government when they were freed from serfdom. And the nobles own a little less than the peasants.

When the serfs were freed, each peasant family received enough land for its support, on condition that the Government should be paid for this land in yearly installments. The peasants were granted many years in which to pay for their little farms (about thirty acres for each family), and some have now finished these payments. But most of them are still struggling with their debt. No longer does each family own thirty acres. As the sons married, the farm was divided for each new family. Thus a peasant's farm is now but a tiny strip.

Meantime, as the Government had paid a big price to the nobles for these peasant lands, it was hoped the nobles would use their new-gotten wealth in improving their great estates. Many Russian nobles own estates of from fifteen to twenty thousand acres. If these immense farms were rightly cultivated, think how rich and prosperous Russia would be! But the nobles, in most cases, have spent their money in foreign travel and luxurious living in Moscow and St. Petersburg. So their lands still need enriching, and no money is left with which to do it.

We learn all these facts about farms as we drive across the country behind a team of strong Russian horses, with jingling bells on their yoke. Long country drives in Russia are not a pleasure. This road is a sandy tract, into the loose soil of which our carriage sinks to the axle. It is like traveling through soft

snow. Where forests border our way, we find small branches of trees strewn over the road to make a more solid foothold for the horses.

Now and then we come to a lazy stream (Russia is so nearly level that all its streams are lazy), and the bridge upon which we cross makes us fear an upset. The bridge is formed of untrimmed pine poles laid cross-wise upon two heavy pieces of timber. The poles project on either side far beyond the beams on which they are laid, and as no parapet guards the sides, a heavy carriage which failed to cross exactly in the middle of the bridge would tip into the stream below.

Many times we cross these rude bridges, and often we get out and walk, when the road, with its covering of branches, becomes too rough. Sometimes it is necessary to drive over moorland or meadow, quitting the sandy road entirely.

For miles on miles we toil through forests, past fields, across moors, and beside streams. We stay over night in a village inn, a poor little cabin with mud floors, bad odors, a group of noisy peasants drinking about a table, and with beds which are but hard bunks in a shed opening into the stable. In the night a pig strays into our room, while a rooster, perched on the foot of our bunk, wakes us with his midnight crowing.

We drive all the next day. One must carry supplies with him on these wearisome rides. We have cushions, rugs, a basket of edibles, plates, knives, forks, and a teapot. A camp fire by the roadside boils our tea-kettle.

At last we reach the country house of our friend. Although it is almost nine o'clock at night, the field hands are just returning from work; and it is light enough out of doors to read a newspaper.

The country house is a large wooden dwelling of one story, with walls vastly thick, ceilings so high that we feel lonely, rooms large and rather barely furnished, windows double to keep out the bitter winter cold (though now they are wide open), and stoves of porcelain, huge enough to warm the whole estate, we should imagine.

The stoves are built into the rooms and reach almost to the ceiling. Our host says that they keep the house at an even, warm temperature during the coldest days in winter. Little ventilation is possible during cold weather because of the tight double windows, though one pane of glass may be opened a short time to purify the air.

Every room has its icon, before which candles burn. On entering the room each member of the family bows before the icon and makes the sign of the cross.

Russian nobles dislike country life and make no effort to beautify their country homes as do the English people. Why, they ask, should they fill their houses with rare furnishings, pictures and books, when the buildings are of wood and may soon perish by decay or fire? Forest fires are frequent in Russia, and dwellings may easily be destroyed.

The English, who love country life, build large houses of stone which last for centuries. Here they gather treasures and live their happiest days. Russians spend only the busy summer upon their estates.



A RUSSIAN NURSE

For the winter they rush away to the capital, to lose in feasting, gambling, and other foolish pleasures all the money their harvests have brought them.

An army of servants and laborers dwell in villages on this estate. There is much to do: plowing, sowing, and reaping for the field laborers; cheese and butter making in the great clean dairy; the preserving and drying of fruits both for winter use and for sale (for

Russian dried and candied fruits, packed in pretty baskets, are largely exported to other countries); the making of great barrels of fermented cabbage for the winter's supply of cabbage soup, and the preparation of barrels of *kvas* (the fermented barley drink), which are stored in the large cellar beneath the house.

Fuel must be cut and cloth must be spun and made into garments for the servants. A crowd of people must be fed daily in the family's dining-hall and that of the servants. The big brick-paved kitchen

is as busy a place as a factory, for the family is large, there are often guests, and the house-servants fill long tables in their own quarters.

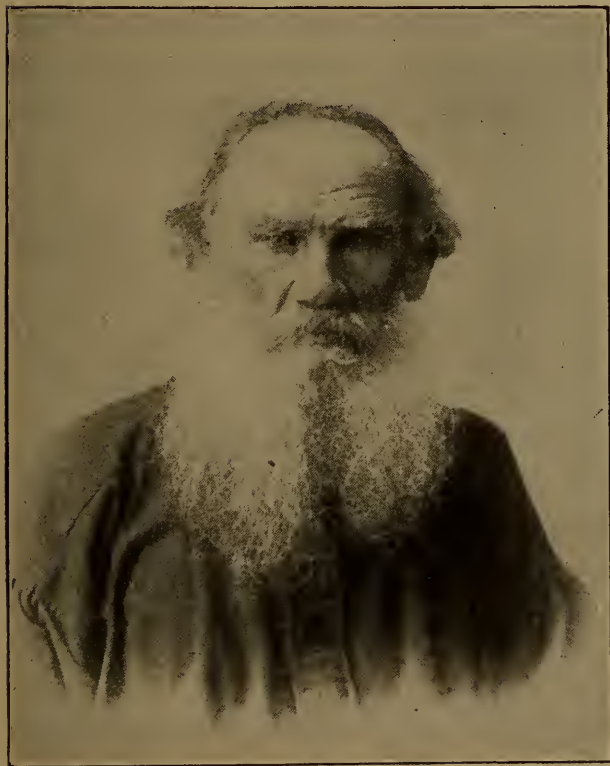
We are shown a colony of out-buildings where the cattle and horses are housed, and the farm machinery is kept. On these large estates the best modern agricultural machinery is beginning to be used. Not all Russian estate owners are thriftless. Many now buy German or English steam thrashers, besides cultivators, drills, sulky plows, harrows and the like. American-made machinery is also used. We see that the mowers, reapers, rakes, and all small tools on this estate are of the best modern make.

But our host says that for the most part the farm tools and methods of work used in Russia are as rude as those described in the Bible. Grain is sowed broadcast by hand and is thrashed in any one of several old-fashioned ways: either by flails, by hulling it by hand or foot, or by the tread of horses and cattle. Millions of bushels are thrashed by driving carts over the grain as it comes from the fields.

The plow may be a heavy two-wheeled wooden plow, or a poor affair with two iron shares but no point, or even but a wooden stick. Of course such a plow merely scratches the earth, making the soil yield but little.

Our host explains the cause of the frequent famines in certain parts of Russia. He says that the farmers overwork the soil. They neglect to change their crops from year to year, which is just as hard on the soil as the use of but one set of muscles year after year would be on the human body. In this way

the soil is worn out. But even when the soil is good, the summers may often be all too short to harvest the crops. Too soon winter sweeps down upon the fields, destroying all that the summer toil has won.



TOLSTOI, THE PEASANTS' FRIEND

The hardest field work is turned over to the peasant women. They hoe, dig, spade the earth, and cut grain and hay with sickles and scythes. We see them bending low over their tasks, their faces sad and deeply furrowed with care, while

not far away under a tree or a little covering of leafy boughs their babies sleep on the ground. Such exposure of tiny babies—some perhaps but a few days old—often results in their death. In rural Russia, we learn, eight out of ten children die before they reach ten years of age. Only the strong babies live, it seems.

We see women riding astride horses, often without saddles. They pitch hay like men; and even girls

do all manner of rough labor. All the women and girls wear short skirts. Here are some girls who appear very contented with their tasks. They wear bright red cotton skirts, some have on white chemisettes, and all wear aprons heavily embroidered. On their feet are sandals, while rags are tied on for stockings. Their hats are clumsy looking turbans, or perhaps shawls or kerchiefs knotted over the hair.

Farm hands often work fourteen hours a day. Summer daylight is so long that the peasants set out for the fields at four o'clock in the morning, not returning until eight or nine at night. Slowly they plod homeward, singing some harvest chorus, perhaps. How much have they earned that day? If men, perhaps twenty-five cents. If girls, maybe but ten cents.

In spite of poor tools, poor farming, low wages, and short summers, Russia in Europe produces 2,000,000,000 bushels of grain a year. Rye, which furnishes the bread of the people, is the chief crop, about 735,000,000 bushels being raised yearly.

This estate has across it a zig-zag trail of small potato and cabbage gardens and tiny fields of flax and rye. These are the peasant lands. The Government granted to the freed serfs the very lands they dwelt upon, together with their villages, at the time they were freed. Often this took a zig-zag strip out of the best part of a noble's estate. Each peasant raises on his bit of land enough grain and flax to feed and clothe his family.

All Russians live in villages, towns, or cities. Russian peasants not only cling together in villages,

but they hire out in gangs, work in groups, travel in groups, and if they migrate, even migrate by whole villages. We shall visit their villages by and by.

Our host seems to have no neighbors. Large land-owners cannot have neighbors. The estates are so vast on account of forests, waste lands, bogs, lakes, moors, and immense tracts of peasant lands that a country noble must ride days to reach his nearest neighbor.

Then the roads are wretched; and in winter the cold is so intense that a sledge ride across country is as much of a hardship as an arctic expedition. One must put on several suits of heavy clothing, bundle in furs, have a foot warmer, provide food and coverings against a night in the snow-drifts, and run the risk of being eaten by wolves.

European Russia is said to be infested by about 175,000 wolves. They are fierce little beasts when hungry, and to a sledge party making its lonely way across the great wastes of snow their cry brings terror. One hundred and fifty human beings perish annually from wolves. Cattle, sheep, and dogs are devoured by the hundred thousand on the cold plains and steppes. In the forests there are still some bears, but these are not dangerous to human life. No wonder, in view of all these drawbacks, that most Russian nobles leave their estates through the winter for life in the cities.

Some old-time customs of the peasants on our host's estate interest us. We remember that the Russians are Slavs, the Slavs being a family of tribes which in the early centuries settled northeastern Europe. Slav traits often appear in these people.

Once we discover our hostess rebuking a maid servant. The mistress speaks sharply, while the maid sinks to the ground, clinging to her mistress' skirts and kissing her feet. We think this a very serious trouble, but find that such outbursts are frequent and are quickly over. The foot-kissing is only a relic of serfdom; and the mistress' hasty temper forbodes no cruelty. The Russians are quick-tempered, but quick to forgive also.

To one custom belonging to days of serfdom, the older peasant men and women still cling. When they have a request to make of their master and mistress, they come at evening to the lawn before the piazza and there stand humbly waiting the appearance of our host. He steps out upon the piazza, and the peasant, removing his cap and bowing low, tells his story, making his request. It all seems very quaint to us, quite as though our host were a king.

A RUSSIAN BATH

The Russian creed requires bathing every Saturday, and so the peasant is sure to be clean once a week, but does not devote much time to scrubbing himself between times. He sleeps at night in the clothes he wears by day, and often contents himself with a dry rub.

And no wonder. A Russian bath is a heroic way to become clean. The little Russian is first steamed until he is almost cooked, in a hole under the stove, or in one of the vapor baths to be found in all the villages. Then pailfuls of hot water are poured over him, followed by pails of ice-cold water; or else he is tumbled out into the snow.

Near the dwelling of our host is a bath-house. Russian steam baths are famous; so we decide to try one. The bather slips off his clothing in the dressing-room and enters the large bathroom, where an attendant dashes buckets of hot water upon him, one after the other, as long as he can stand it. Then the attendant flagellates (whips) the bather all over with little pine branches until the skin is blood-red. Next he spreads fresh pine leaves on the brick floor, which is really the brick roof of a furnace, and bids the bather stand on this, while more buckets of hot water are dashed upon him, the steam rising in clouds about him until he can hardly gasp. He is then taken aside and scrubbed with soap-suds and a pine brush, while he wonders that he has any skin left to be scrubbed.

But the attendant now begins all over again, bathing, scrubbing and steaming him a second time, and finishing off by dashing buckets of cold water (not quite ice-cold) upon him. The cold water comes upon him with such force, however, that he cannot tell whether it is very hot or very cold. We are told that in winter bathers run home through snow-drifts, carrying most of their clothing under their arms. Such a bath is said to be very stimulating; but we are willing to do without this remarkable tonic for the rest of our lives.

VILLAGE LIFE

Because Russians will not dwell apart in solitary homes, but must always live near their fellow men, Russia is an empire of villages. We are told that

there are 500,000 villages in European Russia alone. To us they all look alike, but in different parts of the country the huts are built of different materials. In the northern forest region, the houses are of logs. In the South they are of sun-dried brick.

On a distant corner of our host's estate we find a tiny hamlet of about fifty log cabins, set among dreary fields. The villagers' only view is of bogs and scrubby pine forests. The cabins stand at irregular intervals along either side of the road, which here is like a wide, dirty street. Some cabins have a lean-to at the back, and one has two stories, but the rest are but square huts, about eight feet high from ground to roof, made of rough pine logs mortised at the corners, with the spaces between filled with moss and mud. The roofs are thatched with straw or moss. In the spring these moss-thatched roofs often show a thick sprinkling of wild flowers which have bloomed from chance seeds in the moss.

We see no beauty of flowers now. The little garden patches with their cabbages and potatoes are but ugly little plots. The unpainted cabins are grimy with smoke and rain. Horses, cows, pigs, and chickens live under the family roof, and in winter must make these huts wretchedly filthy. Where the road or dooryards have miry puddles, pigs wallow freely, while nearly every cabin has a savage dog which snarls at our heels.

Not far from this hamlet is the church, a white-painted building with green-painted plank roof, and a spire surmounted by a cross. Of course there are no pews or seats in this little wooden church. We enter,

first pausing to look at the rude icon which is over the doorway.

The priest is within, an old man with long, flowing hair, tall felt hat of queer shape, and full sweeping robe. His life is a hard one. He must hold endless services, baptize babies, marry the young folk, bury the dead, bless the houses, the harvests, the waters, the coming and going, the sorrowing and rejoicing of every member of his flock. He is not often loved or respected, as we should suppose. His life is a lonely one. He must be married, but if his wife dies, he must retire to a monastery and never marry again. If anything goes wrong in the village, he is likely to be blamed, for should he not have prevented mishaps by prayers and fasts? The villagers trust absolutely in his religious rites and ceremonies, for they are superstitious, but it is often the case that they care little for the priest.

We enter a poor little hut. The floor is of mud, the windows are small and tightly closed, and a clutter of old farming tools and harness is the only furniture. But this is the storeroom, we find. Behind it is the one real room of the house. Here the family cooks, eats, sleeps and works.

The chief piece of furniture is a brick stove which rises almost to the ceiling and fills about one-fourth of the room. On the top of this stove the various members of the family sleep in winter, lying down in the clothing which they wear in the daytime and huddling close together to keep warm. When they do not sleep on the stove, they sleep on the floor, or in bunks around the wall.

In winter these peasants' clothing is of sheepskin with the wool turned inside, and as these garments are not changed or washed, the average peasant is filthy in the extreme.

Aside from the brick stove in this hut we are visiting, there is scanty furniture. A table, a bench, some stools and a few boxes are all one sees. In one corner hangs an icon. This one is a picture of the Virgin. Beneath it a lamp burns. To keep that lamp burning, the peasant will save his olive oil, using for his own food common linseed oil. People who live in cold climates must have oily food of some kind. But the icon lamp must first be fed, in Russia.

Now this icon is the family altar, and when one steps into the room he bares his head, crosses himself, and says a prayer before it. Every room in a Russian home is sanctified. About once a month the priest with two assistants enters every house in his parish, sprinkles the rooms with holy water, cleanses them with prayer, and signs them with the cross.

If we stayed for a meal at this home we should sit on a bench with the family, before the rude table. A big bowl of cabbage soup set in the middle of the table is always the chief dish. Into it each of us would dip with a wooden spoon, carrying the soup to his mouth. A tray of ryebread ("black bread") and a jug of kvas are the remaining items on the peasant's usual bill of fare. Smoked fish, dried herring, sour cabbage, and cucumbers are very much enjoyed also.

Vodka, a strong liquor distilled from corn, is the drink which has always been a curse to Russian peasants. Every village has its drink-shop where

this fiery liquor is sold. But lately the Government has undertaken to do away with intemperance by manufacturing a diluted vodka, which is sold now in certain amounts only.

Other villages which we visit are larger, having from a few hundred to a thousand inhabitants. The homes are better, with several rooms, perhaps, and a comfortable living-room where before the big stone chimney a samovar steams, while the men-folk sit about it drinking glasses of hot tea, with a bottle of vodka to add to the cheer.

In larger villages there is a better church, a school, and an inn, and at one end of the place we see a long building, a much larger one than the rest, which forms the village work-shop, or factory. The best dwelling in the village is sure to be the home of the *starosta*, an officer elected by his fellow villagers to act as chief man—a kind of mayor. The *starosta* has much power. With his council of village peasants about him, he lays down the law for the village. He can, by vote of the council, order any villager flogged, put out of town, or exiled to Siberia.

But what is made in the village factory? we ask. A Russian friend tells us about the thriving cottage and village industries of Russia.

COTTAGE INDUSTRIES

So small has the allowance of land for each peasant family now become that it will not support even a small family. So the peasants spend their winter months making articles for sale.

Millions of Russian farm laborers spend their winters

making shoes, shawls, lace, wooden spoons, knives, locks, razors, metal icons, paper-maché articles, and cheap toys. Every little cottage has its loom, or turning lathe, or work-bench. Father, mother, and children all work, often from five o'clock in the morning until nine at night. And although these Russian peasants are as skillful as any laboring people in the world, they work for the lowest pay. Goods are sold at so low a price in this country that if each of the family makes a few cents a day, he is quite satisfied.

Large city firms and foreign dealers order goods from these cottage toilers early in the season, for so well are the articles made that there is a ready demand for them not only in Russia but also in other European countries and even in Asia.

These cottage industries, as they are called, have trained the people in useful handicraft, have made them independent bread-winners, and have been the beginning of many little village factories, called coöperative associations. For these factories the peasants of a village club together and build a large shop, which they fit up with tools, machinery, looms, or whatever is needful for their work. Then they appoint a leader to get orders for them from large firms, and to direct their work. All winter long they keep at their tasks, as busy as bees in a hive. The leader pays all expenses and receives all the money. At the close of the season the profits are divided among the workers.

We enter the village factory, where the villagers are making icons for sale, turning them out by the

thousand. These are not the richly jeweled, gold and silver icons such as we saw in St. Petersburg. The face and hands of the saint, Virgin, or Saviour are crudely painted. The rest of the picture is in raised work of paper-maché. Sometimes the raised work is of brass. These pictures sell for from a few cents to many dollars, according to their size and workmanship. And they sell wherever there is a Greek Church, whether in Russia or in foreign lands.

Every village in Russia is busy during the winter, making articles to sell at home and abroad. We see

village factories where they are making cheap wall clocks, and looking-glasses, and where they are weaving silk or linen. Calf-skin boots are made by the million pairs. They are good boots, too. Leather is made by the villagers, both in their homes and in their little factories. More than a million dollars' worth of leather is made in a year. The leather known as russia-leather was originally a specialty of Russia, but the



RUSSIAN BASKET SELLER

best russia-leather is now made in Austria. Lace is made by the hundred million yards. Russian peasants wear a great deal of coarse lace. The men have it on their best shirts, and the women deck their dresses and aprons with it. In one group of provinces of European Russia there are said to be thirty thousand people engaged in making lace. Every year they make over 500,000,000 yards; and not all of it is coarse lace. Some of the patterns are fine and delicate.

With so many good workmen in these Russian villages, it is not strange that great factories have been established all over the country. Wherever labor is skillful and cheap, big factories are certain to be opened. A boy or girl who has worked in the home cottage from early childhood and has spent a few years in a village factory, is easily taught to do the work of a great manufacturing establishment.

Children usually get about eight cents a day in these large factories. Like their elders, they must work long hours for this poor pay. But they have many holidays, for the factories must close for every fast and saint's day in the Greek Church. And there are about a dozen of these holidays for every month in the year. Recent laws have ordered that all large factories outside of towns must provide schools for the children, besides free hospitals, baths, and libraries for all their laborers.

Russia has great natural resources. Her coal fields are the largest in the world. Her oil wells in the Baku district of the Caucasus out-yield those of the United States. Iron lies buried in rich deposits in

the Ural Mountains and Siberia. With forests, grain fields, waters abounding in fish, the steppes of Eastern Russia overrun by immense herds of cattle—what more does Russia need to make it leap to the head as the chief industrial country? It has only begun to live as a modern, civilized, prosperous nation. Time to develop its resources is all that the czar's land needs, with more freedom for the people, more good schools, and better laws.

RUSSIAN CHILD LIFE

Our young friend Ivan (Ivan is the Russian for John) has a little sister named Anna. They know a wee bit of English, and we know a few Russian phrases. So we get on famously as friends. The first thing we notice about these Russian children is their religion. Each has a guardian angel, or patron saint; and to these saints they pray many times a day.

Over their beds hang excellent icons of their saints. They believe their "Angels," as they call these saints, are always watching them. Ivan tells us all about his religious duties, and it seems to us that these must take up a greater part of his time. He must keep a light burning day and night before the icon over his bed. A priest has consecrated the picture by reciting prayers before it, and Ivan himself always kneels before it and makes the sign of the cross on entering his room. The boy was baptized when he was but eight days old and was confirmed in the Greek Church immediately after baptism.

Baptism in the Greek Church is a long, long ceremony. Sometimes it lasts several days. The baby

is anointed with oil, signed with the cross, immersed three times in water, and blessed by the priest. Often Russian children are named in honor of their patron saint.

Ivan celebrates the day dedicated to his "Angel," and invites us to his house for the occasion. What Ivan does is what every man, woman and child in the Greek Church is expected to do in honor of his own guardian angel.

On his Angel's day Ivan does not work, but, dressed in his best clothes, goes to church, where he kneels before his Angel's shrine, touches his little head to the ground, says long prayers, and kisses the floor beneath the icon. Then he buys from the priest some consecrated loaves of bread to give to the poor. On returning home, he finds a feast spread, and all his friends and relatives there to help him celebrate the day. Everybody kisses him, and does reverence to the Angel's picture, and dines at the generously loaded table. After dinner, and a little gossip, the people all go home to their various tasks, only to come back for another hearty meal in the evening. It is a great day for Ivan. Anna celebrates her Angel's day in the same way.

The children fast many days every year, just as do their parents. During Lent no butter, eggs, fish or meat may be eaten, and only young children may drink milk. There are other long fasts, before Christmas, in August, and on saints' days. Every Wednesday and Friday of the whole year one must fast. Men folk make up for all this fasting by drinking much vodka, but it is hard on the children. Indeed, when

the fasts are over, everybody eats such a quantity of food that often many are made sick.

Ivan and Anna have prayers to repeat at school, and many of them. There are certain prayers when the term begins, others when the holidays come, still other prayers, when a new teacher is engaged, and others for use on the playground, in the workshop, the factory, and on the farm. Religion goes with every act of their lives.

As in every country, the education of a Russian child depends upon his parents' position in life. The peasant girls rarely go to school. The boys go only in the winter when they are unable to be of help to their parents.

The school buildings of the poor villages are miserable huts, without ventilation. Each pupil is bound to bring some wood to school, to heat the building. When it is very cold the pupils do not go to school. Each family in turn boards the schoolmaster.

In many of the villages the teachers are paid less than the shepherds, and are not respected or well cared for. They are often very ignorant themselves, and a great part of the time are drunk, even while in the schoolroom. Much of the actual teaching is done by the older pupils.

School-children always wear uniforms; so do school-teachers. The cloth, the color, the cut, of the garments, even the size and number of buttons on them, are fixed, and whether the dress is becoming or not to Ivan, or his sister Anna, they must wear it.

In the poorest villages very often nobody cares whether the children attend school or not. Boys and

girls idle about, or earn their own living with only a day now and then at school. Their uniforms get ragged, books are mislaid, school is all but closed.

Then word reaches the village that the School Inspector is coming, and what a sensation there is! All the brightest boys and girls are hustled off to school, good uniforms are borrowed from a neighboring town, the children are drilled in a good lesson all around, everything is rubbed up and made to look its best. The School Inspector is really delighted with his visit. If he suspects that all this splendor will fade as soon as he rides away, he gives no sign.

But good village schools are now being opened. The czar is making an effort to improve the common schools. Besides the regular studies, children are learning useful occupations. Some village primary schools have school-gardens or fields where boys and girls learn modern methods of gardening and farming. Bee-keeping, silk-worm culture, trades and various handicrafts are being taught. These schools are for the peasants.

Children of the aristocracy are either taught at home by well-trained governesses and tutors, or they attend the convent schools established by the government in the leading cities. They are taught "accomplishments"—to have fine manners, to dance, to speak modern languages, and to sing, play, and be fashionable ladies and gentlemen. They are permitted to go to the theater and the opera, to take part in the carnival sports before Lent, and are even allowed, perhaps, to attend a breakfast at the palace, given by the czarina. The older boys who stand highest in their class are



A RUSSIAN FAMILY OF ARCHANGEL

taken to court receptions, to act as pages to the ladies. Russian children have few games and care little for out-door sports. They think ice-hilling great fun; and they are good skaters by nature. They sing well, and on holidays one sees them parading the village streets with their elders—men and boys in one line, women and girls in another—singing choruses. Sometimes on holidays all the villagers sit on benches out-

side their cabins, singing together in a great chorus. When several Russians are together they fill the air with music. The people sing at their tasks, while tramping to the fields, while gathering fuel in the forest, or while pushing their boats across lake or stream.

The children look forward with delight to their fairs and festivals, of which there are many. The first of these is in Easter week. This is followed by the festival of the river nymphs. Then comes a festival in honor of John the Baptist; then a harvest feast, and George's Day, which is celebrated twice a year, on the 23d of April and the 26th of November.

Later come the Christmas and New Year's festivals and the great Russian Carnival or Butter week, which ends the winter's festivals. At these fairs and festivals the Russians amuse themselves much as do the people in other parts of the world at festivals. The main square of the city is given up to booths where candy and sweetmeats are sold. There are fortune-tellers, and merry-go-rounds, and swings, and shows, and theaters, and (in winter) sleigh-drives. Clowns go about disguised in wigs and peasant dress, and with their jokes and antics add to the fun.

The Russians are very kind-hearted and polite and they are fond of their children. One seldom hears a cross word or any quarreling among them, even in the great crowds at the fairs. The brothers and sisters of a family are devoted to one another and to their parents.

The courtesy Russian children show toward their parents, and their consideration for older people, are always noticed by travelers.

CHRISTMAS IN RUSSIA

Christmas holidays in Russia begin at sunset on Christmas Eve and last twelve days, until the festival of Epiphany. At sunset of Christmas Eve children, and older people, too, go about the town singing carols under the windows of the nobles and other great folk. At the head of their procession is carried a pole, on top of which is a bright "Star of Bethlehem." Showers of coins are thrown the singers from the windows, in return for their carols. Often after singing their songs before a house, the boys and girls enter, to congratulate the family on the arrival of Christmas and to wish them a happy New Year. This is a village custom.

After the carols everyone dresses in the guise of sheep, oxen, and cattle, in memory of the scenes around the Christ Child's manger, and as the evening star appears supper is served on tables covered with straw. "Mumming" is a favorite frolic in country places. "Mummers" are mischievous young folks disguised as bears, goats, clowns, blind beggars, and thieves. They wear masks and go about to various homes where parties of young people are gathered, bursting into the room and performing all kinds of antics. The bears and goats dance together, the clowns tell stories and recite nonsense verses about those present, while the blind beggars (called Lazaruses) sing their "dismal dumps so dull and heavy," and the thieves pretend to have broken into the house to steal valuables.

There is an uproar of merriment at such times; nor is "mumming" a frolic of the common people only.



CATHEDRAL AT OSTANKINO, NEAR MOSCOW
(Russian Droshky in Foreground)

Even among the upper classes young people dress in disguise and go from house to house.

At Christmas time the people greet one another with, "A happy feast to you!" And a happy feast it usually is. At dinner on Christmas Day is served a huge pyramid of rice, with raisins, blessed at the church. Every servant receives a useful gift, and the

peasants on the estates generally offer gifts of embroidery to the lady of the castle, and receive presents in return. The poor are always fed on Christmas Day.

Santa Claus does not go to Russia. An old woman known as Baboushka takes his place and carries the children their gifts.

Christmas trees, with their lighted candles, presents, and good wishes, are a part of the Christmas Eve celebration. On Christmas Day the churches, brilliantly lighted and crowded with worshipers, hold long services, when the priests appear in their most gorgeous robes and the choirs chant their most splendid music.

Huge bonfires are set going both on Christmas and New Year. Village folk in some parts of Russia save the sweepings from their cottages from Christmas to New Year, and burn them on New Year's Day at sunrise in the garden.

Large parties are held in the country houses during these gay holidays. The guests come in sledges from long distances—parents and children, and servants. The merry-makers wear old-time costumes, and eat old-time Christmas goodies, and play games handed down from their far-off ancestors. They play one game thus:

A bowl containing water is set on the table, while the players, gathering in a circle about it, throw into the bowl many different tokens, such as rings, earrings, bracelets, and brooches. The bowl is covered with a cloth and its contents are stirred by the eldest nurse in the family, while the players sing the "song of the salt and the bread." Salt, bread, and charcoal have meantime been placed near the table, perhaps as an

aid to the enchantment of the bowl. The "song of the salt and the bread" has been translated for us thus:

May the bread and the salt live a hundred years — slava!

May our emperor live still longer—slava!

May our emperor never grow old—slava!

May his good courser never be tired—slava!

May his shining garments ever be new—slava!

May his good servants always be faithful—slava!

(*Slava* means "glory.")

Each player at length draws a token from the bowl. From these tokens are discovered omens of the future—riches, a speedy marriage, a wish fulfilled, success, fame and the like.

In the villages there is still much visiting from house to house; while sledges are flying through the village streets, masked men are cutting capers, bells are tolling in the church towers, and sledge bells are jingling everywhere. The noise and bustle of it all are distracting.

HOW THE PEOPLE GET ABOUT

We might not enjoy the long journeys one must make by sledge or carriage in Russia to get anywhere, but these people do not seem to mind them at all. In winter when the snow is deep, with a firm top crust, they bundle in furs and go sixty, seventy, or a hundred *versts*,* through forests, across meadows and frozen lakes, and over the ice of a broad river. Think of dashing in a sledge down a frozen river where sleighs are coming and going at tremendous speed, with sleigh bells ringing, whips snapping, and the drivers all alert to keep from running into the sail boats which stand frozen stock-still in the middle of this queer road!

* *Verst*: About two-thirds of a mile.

If there is no snow, people often travel in a *tarantass*. This is a covered cart into which one mounts by steps. There are no springs, for in a country of wide, wide steppes and forests, where a break-down may occur forty miles from the nearest village, the fewer springs there are to give way the better. Instead of being on springs, the tarantass rests on a raft of poles—just rude saplings cut and trimmed with an ax and lashed in a row on the axles of the two pairs of wheels. The body of the tarantass is roomy; so hay and straw for a bed are piled in; a bag of clothing, some cooking utensils, provisions, and an ax, hammer, or whatever tools are likely to be needed in case of accident. If a pole breaks while the vehicle is jolting over the rough roads, the *isvoschik*, or driver, cuts down a pine sapling, smooths off the twigs, pushes it into position where the broken one came from, and there you are!

And after all, a party jolting along in a tarantass can have a pretty good time. There are stories to tell—stories of evil spirits, fairies, demons, and other queer folk; for in spite of his religion, a Russian still loves to believe in the wonder-world, and the common people are very superstitious. Then there are the camp fires and out-door meals on this tarantass trip; and there is the fun of sleeping on the hay in the bottom of the rude coach.

Sometimes there is a village to be seen—a pretty village, with a gleaming river flowing past it, and a white church with gilt spires, and some really picturesque houses painted pink, white, or terra cotta. There are men and boys fishing, and women washing clothes along the water's edge, while sail boats raise

their white canvas against a background of birch trees. Russian landscapes are not always desolate. To the boy or girl used to traveling over these country roads there is no other land so dear as Russia. These children would not live elsewhere if they could.

PILGRIMAGES

Thousands of Russians every year go on pilgrimages to some religious shrine. Rich and poor, high and low tramp over the country, through heat or cold, clad in coarse garb, staff in hand, begging their bread, it may be, as they go, glad to suffer hardship for Christ's sake. Most pilgrims are very poor, but to the peasants a pilgrim is a holy being; and they are always ready to give him food, shelter, and perhaps some coins to carry to the shrine.

Often we meet bands of these pilgrims. They are tramping to Novgorod (south of St. Petersburg), or to Kief (in Poland), or to Palestine, or to the monastery of Solovetsk. To visit Palestine is the chiefest joy of a Russian pilgrim. Next in honor is a trip to Solovetsk.

Solovetsk is the largest of a group of little islands in the White Sea—the Frozen Sea, as sailors call this icy body of water. Monks dwell on all these little islets, which are known as the Holy Isles. The monastery itself is on Solovetsk, a famous old shrine to which Russian pilgrims go by thousands every summer, often tramping one or two thousand miles to reach the holy place.

We go to Archangel and from there cross to Solovetsk in a boat manned by monks. What a queer voyage!

The captain is a monk, in monk's hood and gown; the pilot is a monk; all the officers and crew are monks. The passengers are all pilgrims bound for the Holy



THE SHRINE IN A RUSSIAN CATHEDRAL

Isles. They are mostly solemn-faced folk, clad in sheepskin, rags, or some fantastic garb. Some are lame; some deformed; some blind; some beggars. Some have money and have traveled in comfort;

others are without a penny. One man is a pilgrim for life, vowed to spend all his time walking from shrine to shrine.

There is much praying on board, and prostrating of bodies, and psalm-singing. A heavy gale strikes our boat, and the crew sing psalms while they work. The crews of boats passing us kneel with uncovered heads to receive our blessing.

The monastery walls rise from the holy isle and show their towers far out at sea. Drawing near, we behold rising above the walls gold crosses, churches, spires, and domes, like the clustered roofs of a city. There are buildings and buildings—cathedrals, shrines, cells, chapels, refectories, a prison, a palace, and all the workshops of the monks.

We find the monastery crowded with pilgrims. We are lodged in the Guest House outside the walls, where the women pilgrims also must stay. Women are not permitted to dwell on the isle of Solovetsk. During the pilgrim season (from June to August) they may come here to pray, may eat in the refectory, and lodge in the Guest House, but when the summer ends the monastery is closed to them. They are forbidden to enter some of the more holy chapels, and may never remain within the walls after nine o'clock at night. The Greek Church gives its best to men.

No monk of Solovetsk leads an idle life. All inmates of the monastery must both work and pray. During the pilgrim season much of the time is spent in prayer. The pilgrim's day begins at two o'clock in the morning with early matins. From then on until noon there is one long service after another in the

cathedrals, with prayers at the tombs of saints, and visits to holy spots on the island. A light dinner is followed by more services, until the eight o'clock supper, after which everybody goes to his cell, where he is expected to read the life of some saint until he goes to sleep.

The pilgrims vie with one another in all this fasting, praying, bathing in holy lakes, kissing the stones of holy tombs, and bowing their heads upon church floors.

But the monks have workshops as well as cells for prayer. They make things to sell—bread, clothing, rosaries, spoons, and what not. There is a model bake-house, where they make white and rye bread, and also consecrated loaves stamped with a cross and blessed by the priest. People from all parts of the coast come by boat to buy these loaves.

The monks make famous kvas in their brewery, and they carve platters, make baskets, take photographs, make icons, sew sealskin caps (seals frequent these isles), paint pictures, tan leather, knit, dry fruit, spin thread, build carts and sledges, quarry stone, fell and trim trees, even build boats.

It is hard to tell what they do not do. In their little shops there is a hum of labor from dawn to dark.

We find the monastery of Solovetsk a place so full of interest that we half wish we were monks. But we remember what winter must be on these far northern islands, and rejoice, after all, in our freedom. We should not like to be imprisoned by ice for eight or nine months every year.

MOSCOW

Moscow, the second capital of the Russian Empire, lies four hundred miles southeast of St. Petersburg. The railway between the two capitals is almost a straight line. As we approach the Holy City (as the peasants call it) we look with surprise upon the crowd of many-colored domes and spires. "Mother Moscow" must have nothing but churches, we say. Now we understand why it is called the sacred city.

But Moscow is more than a city of churches. It is the most gorgeously colored city of Europe, the most Russian city of the empire. St. Petersburg is a copy of other European capitals. Moscow is the quaint old Russian capital. It has a tragic history. It has been sacked by Tartars, and burned, and rebuilt, and ruled by some of the cruelest monarchs the world has known. Its kremlin (or citadel) encloses curious old towers, palaces, cathedrals, monasteries, and chapels which have passed through centuries of strange experiences. Many of its shops look now just as they looked centuries ago. Its old whitewashed buildings, its four hundred and fifty churches with domes of red, blue, green and gold, its splendid palaces, its hovels, its rough stone pavements, make it a city to delight travelers from every part of the world.

The Russians in Moscow are the real old-time Russians. They are not like the Europeanized Russians of St. Petersburg. Besides, there dwell here many strange-looking subjects of the czar: Tartars from the Volga region, Tartars of the Crimea, Calmucks and Circassins, and silent, strange people in robes and turbans, from Asiatic provinces. Moscow lies farther

east than Jerusalem. We call it oriental. Oriental cities are sure to be a jumble of color, filth, squalor, splendor, and richness.

The city lies on both sides of the river Moskva. It has a population of one million, and is the greatest manufacturing city of Russia. Railways enter here



THE KREMLIN FROM MOSKVA REKOL BRIDGE

from every part of the empire. Over six million passengers enter or leave Moscow yearly. One-sixth of all the goods shipped on Russian railways load or unload here. From a magnificent railway station in one part of the city the Trans-Siberian trains start on their long journey to Dalny and Vladivostok. Over

the entrance to this immense white station are the words, in letters of light, "God Save the Czar." Truly, Moscow is the heart of the czar's vast empire.

And the heart of Moscow is the kremlin. The word kremlin is said to mean fortress, or central official quarter. The high walls of the kremlin are pyramid-shaped and are built of pinkish colored brick. They enclose a triangle, one side of the wall being along the river bank. Great square watch towers rise here and there along the walls; and five gates give entrance to this fine old fortress.

When Napoleon invaded Russia with an army of five hundred thousand men, the Russians set fire to Moscow as the French drew near their holy city. The invaders could not stay in a burning city; neither could they advance farther into this bleak country, for the winter had set in with great severity. They began a retreat. This retreat of the French from Moscow was one of the most terrible marches ever made by an army. Cold, famine, disease, and weariness beset the soldiers. But, worst of all, the Cossacks assailed them at every point along their route, killing thousands and capturing many prisoners. Only about twenty-five thousand French out of the great invading army left Russia.

We are shown many memorials of Napoleon within the kremlin. At this gate he entered; in this square are the cannons captured from his army—three hundred and sixty-five cannon! Here he dwelt, here his horses were stabled; and here his soldiers ravaged church and palace.

We ascend to the top of the Tower of Ivan, a lofty



TOWER OF IVAN VELIKE, AND THE
GREAT BELL

tower which is the first prominent structure to catch our eyes. Its five stories are capped by a golden dome with a cross on top. This is a bell tower in which hang thirty-six bells, two being of silver, and the largest weighing sixty-four tons. From the summit of this ancient bell tower the view of Moscow is one of great beauty.

At the foot of the Ivan Tower is the famous bell which has room within it for forty people. It is twenty-four feet high and weighs two hundred tons. It is broken, but how this happened is not certain. Many different tales account for the accident. The opening in its side is large enough for a man to walk through.

The palace, "The Great Palace," of the kremlin is full of rich apartments. Seven hundred rooms are crowded with art treasures and magnificent furnishings. In the treasury one sees coronation robes, czar's jewels, crowns, scepters, and insignia, canopies of velvet and gold, and thrones set with thousands of precious stones.

One enters the Cathedral of the Assumption with especial interest in the little whitewashed church. The exterior of the cathedral is shabby, but within the church is adorned with gold, silver, and precious stones worth hundreds of thousands of dollars. Here are tombs of priests and princes; and sacred pictures of greatest value. In this cathedral the czar crowns himself; and, having placed the crown upon his own brow, crowns the czarina. When Nicholas II. performed this ceremony in 1896, the coronation scene was said to be the most magnificent the world has ever beheld. Says a traveler who was present:

“In the holiest spot of the Holy City, amid all the pomp of the living and all the solemnity of the dead, surrounded by the royalty of the world, while bells clash and cannon roar and multitudes throng without, he [the czar] crowns and consecrates himself



NEAR VIEW OF THE GREAT BELL

Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias.” The Cathedral of the Archangel Michael is the burial place of all the Russian royal family of two dynasties, until the time of Peter the Great. At different points in the Kremlin we are shown memorials of several famous czars. Who were the great ones among these rulers? Let us make a list, thus:

Vladimir, who introduced Christianity into Russia.

Ivan the Third, called the Great, who first took the title of czar.

Ivan the Fourth, called the Terrible, a monster of cruelty, who was yet an able ruler.

Peter the Great, of whom we have heard so much at St. Petersburg.

Catherine II., an empress who ruled Russia with wonderful ability.

Alexander II., the emancipator of the serfs.

There are other rulers who have done much for Russia, but these are the most illustrious in a long list of monarchs.

We leave the kremlin by the Gate of the Redeemer. Over this gate is a sacred picture of the Redeemer, with the consecrated oil always burning beneath it. Everyone must bare his head when passing through this gate. The people of the Greek Church also cross themselves here. Sentries always posted at this gate warn travelers not to fail in this custom of uncovering the head.

Just without the Redeemer Gate is an open square called the Red Place, where two hundred years ago public punishments were executed. At one end of the Red Place stands the Church of St. Basil. St. Basil was an imbecile, a poor idiot beggar who thought himself a prophet and miracle-worker. So the people honored him as a holy man, for Russians are easily imposed upon, and when St. Basil died, Ivan the Terrible had a church built over his grave. It was to be a great church; and it certainly is of great size.

Ivan the Terrible was pleased with the building, so different was it from anything the world had ever seen in the way of churches. It is said that he sent for the architect and asked him if he could build another church like it. The architect declared he was certain that he could.



CATHEDRAL OF ST. BASIL, THE BEATIFIED

Thereupon Ivan ordered that the architect's eyes be put out with red-hot irons, for he wished St. Basil's to be the only church of its kind! This story is not believed by everybody, however.

The church has eleven domes, each of different shape and different color. Such a mixture of forms and a jumble of reds, blues, golds, greens, and yellows could not be found in any other sacred building. Inside

are eleven chapels dedicated to eleven saints. In the Tretiakoff Gallery we see a fine collection of paintings by Russian artists. We visit the libraries and museums and enjoy a morning in the Foundlings Hospital. This is a important institution, supported by the Government, for the care of destitute babies. Some thirteen thousand babies are admitted here each year. Hundreds of nurses care for these tiny charges. We shop in the handsome new Gostinnoi Dvor (the marketplace), which is built in the same style of architecture as the kremlin. We ride over the rough pavements to the promenades and pleasure grounds of Moscow, and we wander about quaint old streets where pedlers and foreign-looking shopkeepers, and quaintly dressed peasants remind us of the Midway at our Chicago World's Fair.

The climate in Moscow and in other parts of Russia is nearly as trying in summer as it is in winter. The heat is almost intolerable during the short summer, and clouds of dust are everywhere. The people almost live in the streets at this time. Men go around with odd little carts full of queer wooden jars, selling all kinds of cooling drinks.

When we enter the restaurants we are waited upon by men in white shirts that look like night shirts. The peasants in the streets wear red shirts, and their trousers are tucked into high boots. They love bright colors, and their clothes look odd to us. They part their hair in the middle and have it cut straight all around.

We see groups of prisoners setting out for the Siberian mines, exiles for life. We are glad that the czar is

now planning to abolish the exile system. Siberia has so long been but a prison for Russian evil-doers that it is now a country where honest folk dislike to live—indeed, cannot live in safety.

From Moscow distinguished travelers often make a trip to the country estate of Count Tolstoi, which is seven miles from the neighboring town of Tula. Count



PALACE OF PETROSSKY

Tolstoi is a Russian novelist and philosopher. He is considered the greatest living man of letters in the world to-day. His desire has been to help the Russian peasants. He, himself a rich man, for years lived the life of a peasant, dressing, eating, and working as did the laborers on his estate.

Through his efforts there have been established in

Moscow printing houses for publishing millions of cheap books each year for the peasantry. The best pictures are printed, too, at a small cost, and are circulated among the poor. There is no more interesting character in Russia than Tolstoi, the peasants' friend.

THE VOLGA RIVER

The Volga is the longest river in Europe. Rising in the Valdai Hills, it makes its way southward, past many an ancient town, to the Caspian Sea, into which it flows, by seventy different mouths, near the seaport of Astrakhan. Its basin is about seven hundred thousand square miles in extent, for its tributaries extend to the far limits of the empire. The Volga has been called the Russian Mississippi.

The river is navigable from its source, and, with its tributaries and the many canals connecting with it, forms the great highway of Russia. A system of canals unites it with the Black Sea, the Baltic, and the "Frozen Sea." Its chief tributary on the west is the Oka. At the junction of the Oka with the Volga is the town of Nijni Novgorod, which lies about two hundred and fifty miles east of Moscow.

For nearly ninety years Nijni Novgorod has held a great national fair every July and August. While all European countries once held these fairs, Russia is now the only country in which they are still to be seen. The Nijni Novgorod fair attracts a multitude of people from Russia, Asia, and, indeed, from our own continent. The town has a population of about 95,000, but in fair time the number swells to 250,000.

The fair is a suburban town by itself. An im-

mense space beside the rivers is laid out in passages or streets along which shops, booths, and other buildings are erected. Flags fly from the buildings, people of every nationality are among the buyers, and shopmen speak the tongues of many lands. Here are sold silks, jewels, linen, cotton, and woolen goods,



NIJNI NOVGOROD—FROM THE RAMPARTS

antique rugs, priceless shawls, and quaint curios. One may buy leather goods, metal wares, porcelain, teas, coffees, wines and fruits.

There is an electric tramway, a semicircular canal, a circus, a theater, floating bridges, and underground galleries, with many a pleasure booth, whence music and laughter sound. We find even a temperance

tea-shop among the many odd little restaurants. On the boat which takes us down the Volga are crowds of people who have visited the fair. Several Americans are among the passengers. It is hard to travel in any part of the world and not meet our countrymen. We Americans are appropriately called "globe trotters."

About four miles from the left bank of the Volga, as we steam down stream, is the ancient city of Kazan, which the Russians captured from the Tartars. A picture of the Virgin was carried at the head of the Russian attacking army, the very picture which we saw in the Cathedral of Our Lady of Kazan at St. Petersburg. Kazan is a strongly fortified old city, and has a university famed as a seat of oriental learning. The largest Russian university is at Moscow. There are other important ones at St. Petersburg, Odessa, Warsaw, and Helsingfors in Finland.

Because the Volga overflows its banks every spring, few towns are built directly on its shores. In the autumn the river is so low that steamers often are grounded on mud banks or sand bars. But in the spring a flood spreads over the low lands.

Astrakhan is on a high island in the river, about thirty miles from the Caspian. The city is connected by bridges with both river banks. The name of this seaport is derived from that of an article largely exported from here. Astrakhan is the curly wool of young lambs of a variety of sheep found in Persia and Syria. The finest astrakhan is almost priceless. The sturgeon fisheries of the Volga are very important, and form a leading industry of the city of Astrakhan.

POLAND AND FINLAND

Poland was once an independent and powerful kingdom, with its capital first at Cracow and later at Warsaw. But the name is all that now remains of this once prosperous kingdom. The country is but a province in the czar's empire. Russian soldiers hold its citadels, and the Russian language is used in all its schools. In the reign of Catherine II. of Russia, three powerful nations (Russia, Austria, and Prussia) took possession of Poland and divided it among themselves. Two other partitions took place in later years, until the nation was deprived of all power and yielded itself hopelessly to its captors.

We remember one brave Pole, Kosciusko, who helped us in our Revolutionary War; he came to America and offered his services to Washington at a time when our little army sorely needed help. Kosciusko later led his own people in an uprising against the Russians and was twice victorious, but Prussia came to Russia's aid, and Kosciusko was defeated and taken prisoner.

The Poles are patriotic to the last drop of their blood. They have risen against their Russian conquerors several times; but only to be defeated. They are a proud and brave people, highly educated, gifted in music, letters, and art; and the women are famed for their beauty, especially the women of Warsaw.

Warsaw stands on the heights above the Vistula River, its chief objects of interest being the fortress, the ancient cathedral, the citadel which stands on a hill in the center of the city, and the many public

palaces, fine residences, beautiful squares, avenues, and pleasure grounds.

Railways connect this city with Vienna, Moscow, St. Petersburg, Dantzic, and Berlin. The Jews have made it a commercial center of importance. Among



HARBOR OF HELSINGFORS
(Russian Cathedral in the Distance)

the Poles it is an important literary, musical and dramatic center. One sees famous actors in Warsaw theaters and hears the best singers and pianists at the concert halls. The population is over half a million. The national religion of Poland is the Roman Catholic.

Finland is a prosperous, progressive little coun-

try, where everything is up to date, spick and span, and substantial. The Finns are Lutherans, since they were ruled by the Swedes until 1809. At that time Russia became master of Finland, and ever since there have been efforts to Russianize the Finns. The present czar makes them learn the Russian language and wishes to take from them their right to rule themselves, for they have hitherto enjoyed "home rule." They kept their old laws and liberties, had their own parliament, and were looked upon as the freest people in the czar's land.

Finland is called the "land of a thousand lakes." It is a lovely country, with its islet-dotted lakes, its woods of fir and pines, and its picturesque towns and villages always swept and garnished as though for a festival. There are excellent roads everywhere, many miles of railroads, telephones all over the country, telegraph lines, electric lights and tramways, and the best of schools.

We see the people always busy—the men at work on their farms, or fishing, or driving carts full of produce to market; the women spinning, weaving and churning, and busy in many other ways.

Finland is a country of fishermaids as well as fishermen, and the girls often go out with their fathers and brothers in the stout little fishing smacks. Often a whole family makes its home upon the water for weeks or months of each year. Almost every farmer has his fishing-boat.

The peasant women when at work seldom wear shoes or stockings, and we never see them in hats or bonnets. They wear aprons of white striped with red

and blue, and upon their heads are snowy kerchiefs. We visit a Finnish peasant home and find it a much pleasanter place than most of the poor homes seen in



FINNISH MILKMAID

Russia proper. The house is built of wood—low, and with narrow windows and latched door. In one corner is an open fireplace in which burns a cheerful fire. Near the center of the room is a table upon which the housewife is placing the dinner. From poles suspended from the rafters hang circular loaves of dry, hard black bread and dried fish.

Near the fire the husband sits mending a fish-net, and by the window a

little girl is reading. The common people of Finland are much better educated than those of other parts of the czar's domains. The people value education highly, and there are very few among even the peasants who cannot read and write.

Helsingfors, the capital of Finland, is a clean, busy, thriving city of over fifty thousand inhabitants. Its

university is the oldest in Russia. Its church of St. Nicholas, with a lofty dome which may be seen far out at sea, will hold three thousand people. We see the parliament house, the libraries and museums, and learn something about Finnish art and literature. Finland is a land of music. The summer music festivals here bring thousands of people to enjoy the splendid choral singing.

Finland is famous for its strawberries. At the market in Helsingfors we buy pretty birch-bark baskets of this delicious fruit, from Finnish peasant women who wear kerchiefs over their heads, and queer loose bodices, and quaint aprons.

HOMeward BOUND

And now with a last glance eastward over the Gulf of Finland, toward the czar's capital and the fortress of Kronstadt which guards his western shores, we sail away across the Baltic, homeward bound. The Russian Empire lies behind us.

Russia is a country of contradictions. She is called the youngest nation of Europe, and is looked upon as really younger than the United States; but in 1862 at Novgorod was celebrated the one thousandth anniversary of the founding of the empire. Again, Russia, though a despotism, has for her chief friend and ally the Republic of France. Russia declares that all religions are tolerated within her borders; yet Jews, Roman Catholics, and Stindists (Baptists) are often bitterly persecuted in this country.

Russia is called the granary of Europe, and she has the greatest farms in the world; yet famines often

occur there. She has the largest lakes and rivers, an extensive canal system, and the longest railway in the world; yet her vast natural resources cannot be developed because she lacks transportation! She has rich mineral deposits, boundless forests, and valuable fisheries, especially the seal fisheries of the Arctic coast; yet the Government is heavily in debt and much of the money needed to start manufactories has to come from England, Germany, or America.

Russia has the largest oil wells of Europe. In fact, everything about Russia seems to be the "largest." Very likely she has the largest number of people who can neither read nor write. That is because they have not good free schools as we have. But Russian statesmen, artists, authors, and soldiers are among the most eminent men of the day. Our daily papers are full of their achievements. Many thoughtful persons predict that Russia will be the great nation, Russians the great race, of future history.

RUSSIAN NATIONAL ANTHEM.

Arranged by J. BARNBY.

Maestoso.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right staff begins with a whole rest, followed by a series of chords and single notes. The left staff features a continuous eighth-note accompaniment. Dynamics include a crescendo (Cres.) and fortissimo (ff). A pedal point (Ped.) is indicated in the left hand, marked with an asterisk (*).

The piano introduction continues with two staves. The right staff features more complex chordal textures, including some with sharps. The left staff continues the eighth-note accompaniment. The section concludes with a decrescendo (Dim.) marking.

The first vocal entry is on a single staff, marked *p* (piano). The lyrics are: "God save the no - ble Czar! Long may he live in pow'r, In". Below the vocal line is the piano accompaniment, consisting of two staves, also marked *p*.

The second vocal entry is on a single staff, marked *mf* (mezzo-forte). The lyrics are: "hap - pi-ness, in peace, to reign! Dread of his en - e - mies,". Below the vocal line is the piano accompaniment, consisting of two staves, also marked *mf*.

RUSSIAN NATIONAL ANTHEM.

Faith's sure de-fend-er, God save the Czar, God save the

Cres. molto. *ff*
Czar!.... Dread of his en-e-mies, Faith's sure de-

Rall.
fend-er, God save the Czar, God save the Czar!

GOD EVER GLORIOUS.

(AMERICAN VERSION.)

1 God ever glorious!
Sovereign of nations!
Waving the banner of
peace o'er our land;
Thine is the victory,
Thine the salvation,
Strong to deliver,
Own we Thy hand.

2 Still may Thy blessing rest,
Father most holy,
Over each mountain, rock,
river and shore;
Sing Hallelujah!
Shout in hosannas!
God keep our country
Free evermore! *S. F. Smith.*



FLAG OF AUSTRIA-HUNGARY

A LITTLE JOURNEY TO AUSTRIA-HUNGARY

Now that Sweden and Norway have severed the bonds that so long held them together, and we are constantly hearing that Austria and her uncongenial sister-state Hungary intend to follow suit, a tour through the Austro-Hungarian Empire, the one remaining dual monarchy on earth, will be particularly interesting.

The journey will have many features which one through any other land would lack. First among these, and probably most entertaining to us, is the large number of nationalities it permits of our visiting, each of them quite separate from the rest—having different manners and customs, wearing entirely other forms of dress, speaking in many cases different dialects or even different languages, and in various ways presenting to an observant traveler much that is intensely interesting.

In this great empire there are Germans, Tyrolese (tir-o-lēs'), Italians and Croats (krō'äts); there are Saxons and Poles, Czechs (checks) and Albanians; Magyars (mäg'yärs), Bohemians, Moravians and Dalmatians; and the people of each nationality have lived so completely within themselves as to be absolutely distinct from the rest.

We shall be confronted at the outset by the difficulty

of planning a route that is not a constant retracing of steps. If we go first, as so many people do, to Vienna, and from there work to the north, we shall have to return to the capital later and go south, and then once more turn back to meet our steamer. If, on the other hand, we go by the most direct route to Budapest



DANUBE AT VIENNA

(bōō'dä-pěst), we shall be no better off, for we shall simply be making that city our headquarters, to which we return at intervals.

Friends who have been over the ground, on being asked for advice, tell us to start wherever it may be most convenient, and bid us remember that every retracing of steps is so many hours' rest for the tourist.

We who have been to Italy and to the Balkans at least know how we wish to make the first stage of this present journey; we have become so fond of the Mediterranean route that we resolve to follow it again. We sail from New York in July, for summer is the

season in which to visit Austria-Hungary. The summer and autumn weather of the empire is delightful—much like that of our northern states, though a trifle cooler throughout.

Once land is out of sight, we take to the luxury of steamer chairs, brought by the attentive cabin boys to a sheltered corner on deck, and begin to read up on the country we are about to visit. An understanding of the relations existing between Austria and Hungary is necessary if we wish to enjoy and profit by this journey to the fullest extent. The simplest explanation of the present state of affairs in the Empire perhaps is this:



SUMMER DAYS ON THE ATLANTIC

Up to about the year 1866 Austria was the leader of what are called the Germanic States of Europe. Then came a sudden upheaval among the Powers, and as a result Germany took the lead and Austria was left to make her way as best she could. At the same time, troubles at home brought before her that which the Russo-Japanese War and its consequences have forced the Czar of Russia to realize—the fact that a people

must be given some share in its own government if that government is to be a stable one.

From time to time during past centuries there had come to the house of Hapsburg, the ruler of Austria, many vast territories, chief among them Hungary. Though almost as large as Austria, Hungary had been treated as a vassal or subject state, but she now demanded a hand in the administration of affairs. So a change was made, with the result that today the government of the Empire is a joint one, in which the two great integral units, Austria and Hungary, are supposed to have an equal part. This change is the main point embodied in the famous *Ausgleich**, or agreement, a term with which we shall become familiar on our trip.

According to this agreement, the Emperor of Austria is likewise King of Hungary, and so soon as he crosses the border from one country into the other his title changes. He is the head, or chief executive, of both lands. Under him, and to assist him in governing the Empire, there are what are known as the Common Ministries—practically a cabinet composed of the heads of the Department of Foreign Affairs, the Department of War, and the Department of Finance, which last governs Bosnia, as we already know.†

What should strengthen the union, but fail utterly so to do, are the Delegations. These Delegations are practically little legislatures, sent, one from Austria and one from Hungary, to meet together to deal with those matters that pertain to the entire realm. Each

* *Ausgleich*. Pronounced, owce-glich, the ch like that in the Scotch word "loch."

† See "A Little Journey to the Balkans and European Turkey."

Delegation consists of sixty members—forty chosen from the lower and twenty from the upper chamber of the Austrian and of the Hungarian Parliament respectively. The two bodies meet at the same time and in the same place—one year in the Capital of Austria and the next in that of Hungary, alternating ever. They do not sit together—often in separate buildings—but they take up and pass on the same matters. It is this parliament, then, that should constitute the true bond between Austria and Hungary, but such is the hatred of each Delegation for the other that they are really bodies working toward disruption.

As we shall enter Austria first, we next inform ourselves briefly as to how she in particular is governed. We have heard so much of good old Franz Josef (fräntz yo'sef) that we feel almost a personal interest in him and his affairs, and this part of the Empire is more truly his than is Hungary. Austria, though probably we have never had the fact drawn to our attention, may almost be called an autocracy. All power not distinctly meted out to some official or to some legislature, belongs to the Emperor. He appoints certain of the members of the upper house of the Austrian parliament or Reichsrath (rīchs'rāt); and through the ministers, also appointed by him, he could very largely control the government. As a matter of fact, however, with grants of this right and that, he has ceded many of his powers, and that means virtually giving them away, and seldom, if ever, would he now care (or perhaps, dare) to act on any vital matter without the consent of the Reichsrath.

The Reichsrath is the Congress of Austria. It con-

sists of two chambers. In the upper, the House of Lords, sit "princes of the blood-royal who have reached their majority, the archbishops and certain bishops, nobles of high rank, holding hereditary seats in the chamber, and such life members as the Emperor chooses to appoint in recognition of special services to the State, to the Church, to science or to art." The lower house is formed of the representatives of the five classes of voters, for in Austria voters are divided into classes, each class casting a separate vote.

Now let us turn to the individual government of the other half of the Empire. Hungary, too, has her parliament, consisting of two houses, or, as they are called in that part of the world, "tables." The rather sleepy upper house, that of the Magnates, is composed of members who hold their seats by hereditary right or by appointment. The lower house consists of representatives chosen by the people, and this Table of Representatives is the most fiery and tempestuous body in the world.

Having arranged Austro-Hungarian affairs thus in our minds, we give ourselves up to enjoyment of summer days at sea, and brief indeed seems the trip across the broad Atlantic. Our route lies among the Azores, then past the Straits of Gibraltar, on to Naples and up to Genoa, where we leave the boat. Having followed this route before, we experience only the pleasures of revisiting those points which on our previous journeys we found most attractive. We do not linger in Genoa, but at once board the night train for Triest (trē-ěst'), stepping upon Austrian soil within a day of our arrival on the Continent.



AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.

SCALE OF STATUTE MILES.

0 50 100 200

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Latitude East from Greenwich.

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ISTRIA (ISS'TRE-AH)

WITH our arrival at Triest we enter the great district of Istria, one of the integral units of Austria and the upper of the two divisions bordering on the Adriatic. From our very first day in this city we are conscious of the one thing that more than any other forces itself on the traveler over the Austro-Hungarian Empire, and that is the confusion of tongues. In every city, in every village, the inhabitants talk in various tongues, those people who speak one tongue or dialect refusing to learn any other.

So largely is this the case that a summer or two ago Austria and Hungary came very near entering upon a war for separation over the question of the language to be used in the army, the Magyars insisting that the commands should be given in Hungarian, while the Emperor-king, who is a Teuton at heart, declared that the army, as a whole, was his, and that in Hungary, as well as in Austria, the commands should be given in German. Even the Austrian officers were opposed to this decision, for, as they said, it was far easier for them to learn the dialects of the peasants than to beat into the heads of ignorant farmers' sons the German words of drill and discipline.

Triest is the chief seaport of Austria, and so we begin our sight-seeing on the wharves, where the blue Adriatic rolls off toward Italy. We are fortunate enough to find an American fleet visiting the port, and we hire one of the little skiffs with which the harbor is filled and row out to visit the flagship. We are interested in hearing the comments the Austrians make

upon our fleet, showing admiration for the white vessels (for their ships, as we shall see at Pola, are painted a dingy green), and astonishment at the fact that though among the crews there are men of various nationalities, including Japanese, throughout the fleet but *one* language is spoken.

Leaving the flagship, we let our boat loiter on the sea until sunset, that we may watch the Stars and Stripes come fluttering down, while the band on each vessel plays "America." Never before, in all our lives, probably, has such a thrill of patriotism run through us as that which we feel here, thousands of miles from home, upon seeing the 'Star-Spangled Banner' and hearing our own national hymn.

Returning to the shore, we thread rapidly a market where familiar fruits—apricots, peaches, plums and grapes—are displayed on stands along the old canal, upon the peaceful waters of which ancient specimens of sailing-ships lie at anchor. The American consulate faces the canal, and if we were in need of assistance or advice we might drop in on our representative. Instead, we board the street car that runs along the quay, and in the long twilight of the summer evening ride out to the terminus of the line.

Modern docks and warehouses stretch the length of the route, and we see nothing that interests us particularly. Indeed, we are a bit disappointed in this largest port of Austria. It struck us as a pretty place as we passed through it on our way to Balkan lands, but on the whole it is like a great overgrown American town with a foreign population. Even the strange costumes we expected to see are absent from its streets.

Many ladies, we notice, dress exactly alike (possibly they are close friends, for they cannot all be sisters), while the women of the lower classes attract us with their brilliant head-kerchiefs.

We are not sorry to have stopped at Triest, since we have now seen exactly what there is here, but we are quite ready to start out in the morning on one of the side excursions we have planned.

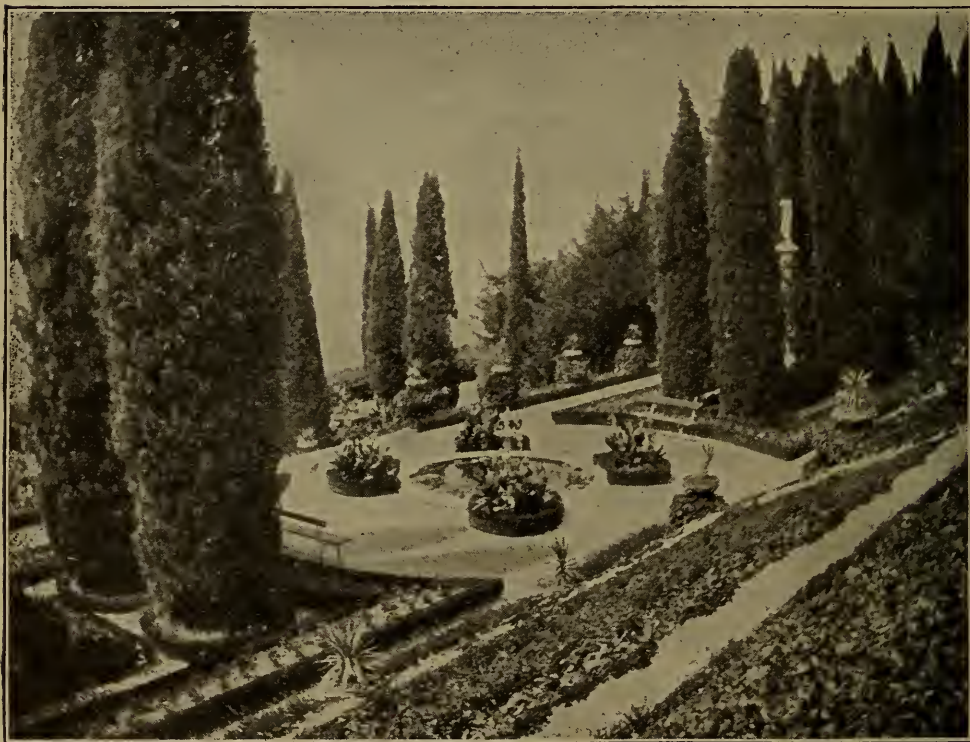
We rise early. At breakfast coffee is brought us, and a tray of "horns." We are hungry, for the salt sea air always whets the appetite, and so we help ourselves liberally to the rolls. When the time comes for reckoning, the waiter asks us how many we have eaten. Just to try him, and to see if he knows, we state one less than the true number. Instantly he begs our pardon for correcting us, but assures us that we must have made a mistake in our count. This is a peculiar custom common to all of Austria, one must pay for the "horns" or the pieces of bread eaten, but the waiter always relies, presumably, on one's honesty to tell just how many were taken. We may rest assured, however, that before the tray is brought in, its contents have been counted, to a piece.

MIRAMAR (meer-a-mar')

Threading the cobbled streets to the wharf, we are beset by women selling tuberoses. When each of us has provided him or herself with a boutonniere, we board the boat for Miramar, and there follows a delightful sail across the Bay of Triest to the palace of Maximilian of Mexico.

We American tourists do not need to be told the

story of poor Maximilian, the brother of the Austrian emperor. Never expecting to rule any land, this prince lived in peace and quiet on the shores of the Adriatic, almost within sight of Triest. Here he had built a beautiful little chateau, with parks set in rolling



TERRACES AT MIRAMAR, HOME OF MAXIMILIAN OF MEXICO

terraces, flower-beds, and hedges of the stately arborvitæ; and, overhanging the coast, wide stone porticos shaded from the beating rays of the sun by grapevine trellises.

Then, one day, there came the news of a revolution in Mexico, and not long afterward announcement of the choice by the Mexican people of Maximilian for their ruler. The prince had said he would never

govern a land unless he knew that *all* the people of that land had made him their choice. So those having the matter in their control deceived Maximilian into believing that all Mexico awaited but to welcome him.

But this was far from being the case. Of noble birth, the prince did not appeal to the Republicans of the land at all, and the Royalists soon tired of him, for, being a man of intelligence and liberal views, he refused to act as their tool. So at last friend and foe alike took stand against the Emperor, and revolution broke out anew. That revolution culminated in the execution of Maximilian, and Austria has never forgiven Mexico his betrayal.

Austria, like Germany, has its martyr-queen in the Empress Charlotta, the wife of Maximilian. When the French allies deserted the Emperor of Mexico, she went in person to plead with Napoleon, but he would or could do nothing for her. Then came the death of the Emperor, and the blow cost the poor Empress her reason. For a few years she lingered at Miramar, and then kind hands led her to an old, secluded chateau in Belgium, where she is now ending her days.

Arrived at Miramar, we find ourselves but a small part of an army of tourists, whom the guards take in charge and lead over the grounds. Entering the palace, we are permitted to visit the apartments of state, the bedrooms and sitting-rooms, and the other chambers leading off from the central rotunda, into which the road from the sea almost leads.

In our story-books, since early childhood, we have read so much of princes and their palaces that we are much interested in the furnishings of some of these

rooms. The library, especially, attracts us, with nine well-filled book-shelves encircling the room—a door in the center of each of the four walls alone breaking their symmetry—and the heavy portieres of blue at each of these doorways suggesting the purple of royalty. In the reception-room, beyond, there are splendid furnishings of a paler blue upholstery, great family paintings in heavy gilded frames, and exquisite chess-tables and cabinets. The bedroom of the prince, where he accepted the crown of Mexico, disappoints us, for it contains but two plain walnut bedsteads, such as one would expect to find in a well-to-do farmer's home in New England.

From the chateau we pass out into the park, strolling among the terraces that make of this place a miniature Versailles, with the added beauty of the sea. We make our way down to the shore of the Adriatic, where a group of Irredentists are in bathing.

During our stay in Austria we shall hear this word Irredentist used so much that we had best learn its meaning at once. Throughout these Adriatic provinces of Franz Josef's empire many of the people are of Latin descent; they speak an Italian dialect, and in their manners and customs are distinctly Italian. There is only the Adriatic separating them from Italy, and their most ardent wish is to join that kingdom, to which they belonged centuries ago, when the Republic of Venice controlled almost the entire east coast of the Adriatic Sea. Consequently, they are striving to arouse an Italian feeling everywhere; they demand that Italian shall be taught in the university; they wish to have public documents drawn up in Italian, and they

insist that only Italian shall be spoken at public meetings.

As we see them at Miramar, these Irredentists, or Irreconcilables, as their name may be interpreted—they being irreconcilable to Teuton rule—seem genial enough, shouting and joking, and splashing water on a group of visiting Czechs from Bohemia. Their bathing-suits at once attract our attention: those of the men are much like very loose pajamas, while the women also appear in trousers. Great straw hats, too, are worn in the water.

As we do not care to indulge in a plunge in the sea today, we continue along the little path, reascending the bluffs to one of the cafés built over the coast at this point. Here we partake of an Istrian dinner—veal cutlet, with a lemon to squeeze over it, potatoes, bread, and beer—concluding the meal just in time to catch the noon boat to Triest.

We do not linger long in the city, but almost immediately board another small steamer for Capodistria (kă'po-des'tri-ä), a little town up the coast.

THE SALT WORKS OF CAPODISTRIA

CLUMSY Istrian peasant women, barefooted and wearing a short skirt of black or navy blue, a waist of the same material, a scarf crossed over the breast, and a kerchief of some brilliant shade wrapped about the head, are our fellow-passengers. They come aboard bearing on their heads huge hampers filled with milk-pails. These baskets they deposit on the deck and use in lieu of seats, as the boat is rather crowded. From the outset these women evoke our pity, with

their sad brown faces, their tangled hair, and the broad, protruding cheek-bones that bespeak the direst poverty.

Arriving at Capodistria, the peasants shoulder their baskets, or else load them on waiting donkeys, and plod off to their distant homes. We do not follow



SALT WIND-MILLS AT CAPODISTRIA

them, but taking a landau, drive through the little town. It is a pretty place, in spite of its dusty look, with its two-story homes set side by side beneath the tall sycamores that line the streets. Out in the open country we go, where the salt marches—or, as we should call them, marshes—are located.

Those of us who expect to see beautiful blue inlets of the sea are badly disappointed. To right and left

from the road there stretch large square reservoirs, separated by low ridges on which a little grass is feebly sprouting, containing sea-water. Where, in an occasional basin, the water has not yet evaporated and is therefore of considerable depth, the color is clear blue, but the process of evaporation leaves almost everywhere a crusty deposit of white or yellow salt, which gives the whole marsh a sort of decayed look. Here and there, on the ridges between the basins, small pyramids of salt are heaped high, and everywhere men and women and even children are at work—barefooted, of course—plying what look to us like hoes, keeping the water in motion to hasten evaporation, or scraping up more salt. Low Dutch windmills, here and there, make the scene suggestive of the polders of Holland; only here, at intervals, stand Austrian soldiers, guarding the salt-bed from smugglers. The salt industry is a government monopoly in Austria (as is the tobacco trade), furnishing the government with one of its most certain sources of income. Therefore it must be vigilantly protected.

The process of making the salt is, of course, very simple. The water of the sea is allowed to run into the beds, or is forced in by windmill pumps. From the large main basins it filters into aqueducts, and from these into still other passages, until finally there is only the salt left behind. This is then scraped up by the salt workers, and carried to the bins in the lower floor of their homes, where it remains until the end of the season. Then it is all carried to the federal depots, in the town.

We stop one of the children at work in the salt-beds

and ask him how he likes his occupation. He is quite satisfied, for all over southern Europe children are accustomed to work, and work hard, too, and they know nothing of any life but one of toil. The little folks as well as adults rise at dawn (which is usually at three o'clock in the morning in the summer, the busiest season), and labor steadily until about seven, when breakfast is prepared. Breakfast, like dinner and supper, throughout the year, consists of a porridge known as polenta, which is made of Turkish maize, rice, beans, white bread, and a little wine. Wine is almost as cheap as water, in all the countries we shall visit on this Little Journey, and we shall become accustomed to seeing the poorest peasants indulge in it.

From breakfast until the noon meal, and then until supper at dusk, it is work, work, work, for all the people of this region. Often, when the sun dries the salt rapidly, they will even resume their labors after supper, working until about nine o'clock, and then stopping only on account of the dark. We are interested to know what a family—which usually consists of four grown-up members and numerous children—will earn by a long day's work, and we are told it is about a dollar and sixty cents, or just a little more than a single street-laborer earns a day in the United States.

We wish to see how the people live in peasant Istria, and so we hire one of the little boys to take us to his home. The lower floor of the house is one big open chamber, heaped high with salt. Upstairs are the living-rooms. The furniture of the first one we enter consists of two heavy bedsteads at one side of the

room, a double bed at the other, a table, and a chair. There are several sacred pictures on the walls, a few tomatoes ripening on the window-sill, and some old shoes in line on a rafter. This is all that our eyes can detect. The adjoining chamber is very similar, except



ISTRIAN PEASANT WOMEN

that here there are scantlings placed across the walls, and behind these the blue crockery of the housewife stands, very much as we found the dishes arranged in Holland. There is a little fireplace here, with a bundle of faggots lying beside it, and some tin cooking utensils hanging near, but that is all.

Returning to Capodistria, we drop in on the Government Salt Inspector, and learn how much money the

sale of salt pours into the national purse each year. When tired of figures and statistics, we go for a stroll between the tall garden walls—built of stone coated with a brown concrete—to a little inlet of the sea, listening to the Italian patois of the peasants as they pass us on their way home from their faggoting.

We finally stop at the restaurant, where, strange to say, we find English spoken, for the proprietor was a bugler in the Spanish-American War, and his son is now the United States Consul at Fiume (fe-ōō'mā). Out in the garden, beneath an ivy arbor, "white" or "black" coffee, according to whether we take milk or omit it, is served us; and here we rest a bit, while watching the men of the town at their evening game of quoits—a game played with a heavy metal globe in place of the quoit of our own country. Our boat leaves at half-past eight, and we have a delightful moonlight ride on the Adriatic back to Triest.

TRIALS OF THE TRAVELER

A journey through any strange land has its difficulties and annoyances. On our excursion so far we have found ourselves hampered by an insufficient knowledge of Austrian money-values, for the traveler in the empire must be familiar not only with the money-system recognized by the authorities, but with the old system, which has been abolished by the government, and to which the people cling with a peculiar stubbornness.

The coins most commonly used are the tiny copper ten-heller (hell'er) piece; a large copper coin of twice the value, and the silver *krone* (kro'nā) or crown, which is equal to about twenty cents of our money.

One hundred hellers make a crown. The old system consisted of *kreuzer* (kroit'ser) and *gulden* (gool'den) or florins. One hundred *kreuzer* equaled a *gulden*, and a *gulden* was equal to forty cents of our money.

Shopkeepers usually state prices according to the



TRANSPORTATION IN ISTRIA

old system, but we pay for goods in the coins of the new, and by the time we are through calculating what the purchase has actually cost we feel that we never wish to make another !

Another cause for vexation is the indifference of hotel clerks and porters throughout this land. We have constant difficulty in getting correct information as to trains and boats which we wish to take.

For instance, we have planned for today an excursion to the Caves of St. Canzian, the Mammoth Cave of the empire. We were told at the hotel last evening that the express for the interior would leave at 7:50 A. M., but in reality it does not go until half-past eight and we have an hour to spend in the depot, glancing over the time-tables on the walls, for there are no free time-tables to be had. When a train is about to leave, a hand-bell is rung, and so whenever a bell rings we hurry to the gate to find out whether or not it is our train which is starting.

At last our train does start, with us aboard. When the conductor takes our tickets he gives us receipts for them, and should we lose these receipts we might be forced to pay our fare over again. It was well for us that our friends advised us not to take much baggage; for only after our tickets are bought can we have our trunks weighed and checked, and we must pay for every pound of baggage. Hand-baggage, however, we give to porters, who have the right to enter the trains and deposit it in the cars, insuring a seat for the owner at the same time.

We have a short ride among the mountains—densely forested and with huge masses of conglomerate protruding from their slopes. The scenery of the region calls to mind the tremendous forestry and mining interests of the empire, but of these we shall see greater evidences later on. Here and there we catch a glimpse of a farm enclosed by rock walls that remind us of New England.

At Herperje (hair-pell'yā) we change to another train. As we speed along, we notice women standing

at the crossings, waving a flag to warn people off the tracks, for the automatic gate at railway crossings is unknown in this part of the world. While we are waiting at a wayside stop, a great train of oil-cars from Baku (bah-koo), Russia, rumbles by, and it gives us real pleasure merely to gaze upon cars that have come such a distance.

We are entering the dreary Bukovicza now, one of the saddest regions of lower Europe. We cross gently rolling plains covered with rocks deposited here, in ages past, by glaciers that have long since disappeared. Scrub oak abounds on some of these plains, and the lenum and the wild parsnip grow beside the twisting boulder fences. Here and there, on distant hillsides, patches of oats, potatoes, or cabbage, and orchards and pastures show the hand of the husbandman.

LIFE IN CARNIOLA

AT DIVACA (de-vätch'ah), a pretty little village, we leave the cars. At once we are among Slavs, a race utterly different from the Latins we met at Triest, for the people of this section are Slovenians, and the life we see here is that of the agrarian province Carniola, just to the east.

Slovenians, Slavonians, and Slovaks—it will be difficult for us, at first, to distinguish between them; but each division is radically different from the others. For convenience we may classify them thus: Slovenians are found in little groups all over Austria; Slavonians are the inhabitants of the province of Slavonia; while the Slovaks may be said to belong especially to Hungary.

The Slovenians hereabouts we find greatly to resemble German peasants, but their features are somewhat coarser, and their skin is exceedingly yellow for a Caucasian race. Many of them speak German, and so we get on famously with them.



THE TAX COLLECTOR AMONG THE SLAVONIANS OF CARNEIOLA

Long before we left home persons knowing we were to visit southern Austria told us to be sure to see the Caves of St. Canzian, and it is for the purpose of visiting these famous caverns that we have come to Divaca. We engage a little sulky that is a cross between the English gig and the go-cab of the Kentucky mountains, and, making sure that our driver can speak a language intelligible to us, start out.

Along the road are the peasant homes—one story high, square, with the roof sloping upward from each wall to a point over the center—set in old-fashioned gardens bordered with sunflowers. Behind the homes are the fields, and everywhere are boulders—great



HOME AND STABLE OF ISTRIAN-CARNIOLAN STYLE

white, smooth rocks that look like tablecloths rumped in the wind while drying on the grass, as we see them from our sulky.

It is only in vacation time that the traveler sees children at work in the fields here. The Slovenian insists that between the ages of six and fourteen years the little folks shall be sent to school. After that they “work out.”

Agriculture among the Slovenians is carried on in a curious way. At home every farmer is proud to say, or to hope soon to be able to say, that he owns his land; but these great farms here are held in a different manner. Vast tracts are in the possession of what is termed an Ober-Bauer*, or tenant farmer, who hires possibly as many as fifty Bauern peasants at a florin a day, with food, to work his farms. The Bauern, in turn, will hire laborers to assist them, at anywhere from forty to eighty *kreuzer* (not *heller*, remember) a day; and these laborers do the actual work of husbandry, the *Bauer* remaining at hand to supervise. The plan is rather similar to the Turkish system of government, as we saw it in our "Little Journey to the Balkans," is it not?

After a bit we leave behind these lands of the plum and the grape and the apple orchards, and enter the Karst. That is a new word, but one with which we shall become well acquainted, for it is in use everywhere in the south of Austria. It means simply the desert, or better, the barrens, a stretch of country where rocks monopolize the greater part of the surface of the earth and make useless any attempt at cultivation. Here and there, in the Karst country, we can picture ourselves back in rugged New England, for the farmers have dug out great rock monoliths (blasting is too expensive to be employed here) and piled these into fences, while the soil wrested from the rock-lands is given over to truck-gardens for the farmers' individual support.

* Ober-Bauer. Pronounced O'ber-bow'er. Bauer (Plural Bauern) means peasant, husbandman, small farmer. The *Ober-Bauer*, therefore, is the chief farmer.

This land of the Karst is remarkable for another natural phenomenon, and that is the terrific wind called here the *Bora* (bo'räh), which rages here in winter. The *Bora* will often last three days or more at a time, and before it nothing may hope to stand. On the roads in the Karst wagons will be overturned, and people blown about as though they were mere leaves. In Croatia (kro-ā'shĭ-a), later on in our travels, we shall see some of the walls the railroads have been compelled to erect against this wind. While the *Bora* rages, the cold is intense, and the snow piles high. The peasant sees to it early in the autumn that he has sufficient charcoal and turf to last him from November to March, the season of these cruel storms.

At Matvoun (mat'voon) we take leave of our driver, paying him the usual *Trinkgeld* (trink'gelt), for here, as almost everywhere nowadays, the custom of "tipping" is well established. In one country the fee given is called *pourboire* (poor-bwär) and in another *Trinkgeld*, but by whatever name it goes it is expected, and often, in European lands, even demanded. No matter what one's lodging at the hotel may cost, no matter what the hire of buggy or hack may be, no matter what price a bill-of-fare may state, it is customary to add, in paying the bill, one-fifth of the amount for the hotel clerk or the driver or the waiter to keep—supposedly that he may drink to one's health, but really as a bit of pocket-money.

In quest of a guide to take us to the caves, we enter the inn, a pretty little tavern, the exterior painted a delicate pink. There are very few people to be seen about. Over the Slovenian lands the men and women,

and, in vacation, the children, work in the fields from sunrise to sunset. Only the old people remain at home to guard the houses—the women to sit on the porches and kint, the men to gather beneath the arbor before the inn and see whose go-cab drives by or discuss the crops, or, possibly, to beg a *kreuzer* from a passer-by with which to buy a glass of the host's wine.

The guide we engage is a typical old Slovenian, but he speaks fair German, we find, as we follow him into the caves. Steps cut in the rock lead to the base of deep canons, the sides of which rise sheer to dizzy heights, and are pierced here and there by cataracts that tumble upon moss-grown boulders far below. Rustic bridges span the gulfs between these precipices, and friendly rails assist us in scaling the rocky walls. Through caves just wide enough to allow a man to pass with ease one ascends and descends these rocks, emerging now to look up at the face of some gigantic cliff, and again to peer over a precipice as steep.

In one of the largest of these many caves—a grotto in which there still remains a pyramid of earth thrown up in Roman times—a Christmas tree, set up for the school-children of St. Canzian, is preserved, just as at Mammoth Cave a cedar, brought down by the owners of the cave for school-children of the locality, remains. And here, as there, the tree serves as a natural receptacle for the visiting-cards.

Just as, in Mammoth Cave, there are evidences of excavations made in search of Indian relics, once the single Indian memento had been found, so here, at intervals, are mounds showing where the searcher after Roman remains has been at work. By the light

of a torch made of fibers, and an additional magnesium wire, the several curious forms of the cave are illumined, the stone likeness of a horse among the most wonderful of the number.

We are growing rather tired by this time. The climbs are steep and in places dangerous, the walking is difficult, and there is a certain strain in having to pick each step that is telling on us. Throughout the trip the old guide has kept muttering, over and over again, "*Das ist alles Natur*,"* as though to evoke our wonder the more, and now as we complain of weariness, he once more remarks "*Das ist alles Natur*." Not one of us will contradict him, but we wish that Nature had omitted just that one of all the phenomena.

On our return to Matvoun we stop at the inn to drink just one more glass of the "red" wine (almost black) of the locality. As we sit here with the tax-gatherer and the ancients, we are joined by some "wanderers," for "wandering" is a favorite vacation in Europe. These wanderers are not tramps, as the name given them might lead one to suppose, but well-to-do gentlemen, who, either alone or in small companies tramp from town to town, sight-seeing, and with no other baggage to encumber them than a loose knapsack strapped to the shoulders, and a stout cane. When we reach Hungary, we shall resort to the same form of baggage conveyance.

We dine with these wanderers, and enjoy the typical Slovanian meal. Chicken is the only meat, and the head is served with the rest of the fowl; beans, cabbage, salad, and wine complete the feast. The bill-

* *Das ist alles Natur*: That is all natural. Pronounced *däss isst äl-less näh-toor'*.

of-fare is printed in four languages—German, Slovenian, Italian, and Croat—in order that all comers may read.

Dinner over, we engage a hack, and to save time, drive to a nearer station than Divaca to catch the train for Triest. We reach the city ready for a good Istrian supper, in which veal cutlet with lemon, the favorite dish of these people, is, of course, the chief feature.

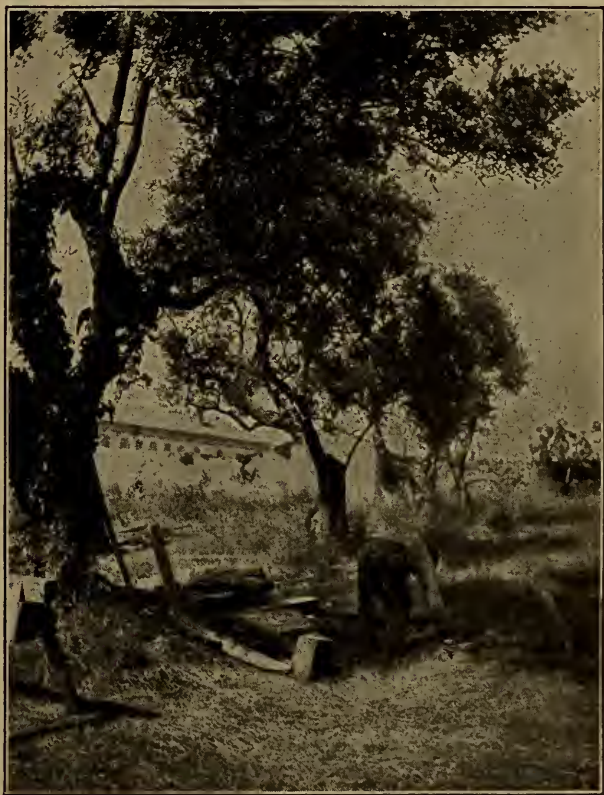
LOWER AUSTRIA

WE HAVE now exhausted all that Baedeker and the other guides list as worthy of inspection in the vicinity of Triest, and are ready to continue our journey southward. Early in the morning the porter comes to carry our baggage to the wharf, where lies the little boat that is to take us to Rovigno (ro-veen'yo).

The trip down the coast is a delightful one. Picturesque fisher-boats, with lemon-colored sails on which are worked patterns in maroon, dot the sea, toning in well with the background of little coast towns—sprung up, some of them, in the days of the Crusades. We stop at some of these villages, with their house walls rising directly up from the water, and peasant women come aboard to sell green grapes, peaches, and pears, exposed on broad wicker trays. As these fruit-vendors spy an acquaintance among our fellow-passengers, they rush up and kiss the friend on either cheek in most approved French fashion. While the ticket-seller is going about, selling us our tickets, which we at once turn over to a second man following him with a small wicker basket, we drop anchor oppo-

site a little hidden town, and much freight and a few passengers are lightered ashore in skiffs.

Such of the inhabitants as we can see from the boat strike us at once as curious. All the women carry fans, and many of them wear their hair in a fashion like that of the Japanese. These two fads combined with the costumes—white waists with big blue polka-dots, and parasols of gray and white flowered patterns—might almost make one mistake these maids for sweet Yum Yums from fair Japan. These people, however, are not so kindly as the Japanese; they are even less friendly than the Triestines, speaking only to acquaintances, and absolutely ignoring the stranger.



OLIVE GROVES OF ROVIGNO

Now we enter the Dalmatian Archipelago. It has not been long since we followed this route on our way to the Balkan lands, but the fact does not lessen our enjoyment of the wonderfully beautiful island chain which stretches along the coast of Austria. We

remember that in reading up on the archipelago for our former trip we learned that hundreds of years ago the islands were covered with forests. Then came the Romans, and later the Viennese ship-builders, stripping the woods of their best trees, and when these were gone, using up the rest before they had attained their proper growth. Then storm and wind and wave took hold of the remaining undergrowth, clearing it away and carrying off the soil, until, in the course of the centuries, almost every vestige of green had disappeared.

The skeletons of these islands are of the whitest of white rock, which rises from the blue sea in peaks and cones. As they loom up, or disappear in the distance, these mounds of white change to blue, and then to azure, fading finally to the same shade as sea and sky, when only the brown fisher-boats, with the sardines pictured on their sails, give variety to the scene.

There are thousands of these islands, of varying shape and size. On the larger ones, villages are built, and here some attempt at reforestation has been made. As we stop at their wharves, we hear the locusts sing in the young groves beyond the beach, while the sea chimes in an undertone, and there is the happy laughter of children, busy wading, or catching the sea-urchin for the passengers' admiration, and winning *kreuzer* by their feats.

Many of the islands, however, are too small to repay even the sowing of grass, were soil furnished them, and so they lie upon the sea like sugar-lumps of snowy white, with the marine birds hopping about on their stones.

All too short seems the sail among these enchanted

isles, the nearest approach to which at home are the islands in Georgian Bay, but all good things must have an end, and so in season for dinner we drop anchor at the town of Rovigno.

ROVIGNO

OUR first interest is in knowing among what sort of people we now are, and we find that the inhabitants of Rovigno are what are known as Istrian Italians, speak-



LANDING THE SARDINE CATCH AT ROVIGNO

ing a rough Italian dialect, and one and all Irredentists. There is a sprinkling of Croats in the population, and these speak German fluently. We hunt up one of them and he becomes our guide.

We wish to see the sardinerias for which this town is noted, and so we start out at once, threading the lanes between tall trees or four-story houses built of concrete. In almost every one of these houses the first floor is a shop which is entered directly from the street.

Outside one of the shops we see a notice of the drawing of lotto numbers, and the guide explains that the running of lotto games is a favorite means with both the government and private individuals for raising money for enterprises of every sort. Numbers are sold for a given lotto, and prizes are awarded to those holding the card with the winning number.

Another feature of the town that strikes us as peculiar is the government seal over the shops selling tobacco. These shops are numerous, and a query reveals the fact that one of the largest tobacco factories operated by the Austrian government is located in Rovigno. The factory is composed of handsome brick buildings situated in a little park, and we visit them on our way to the sardinerias. Tobacco-working, however, is rather familiar to us Americans, and so after noting the cleanliness that is enforced everywhere, we are quite ready to go on.

SARDINE CATCHING

As we proceed, our guide tells us of the sardine industry of Rovigno. Boats, both large and small, go out upon the open sea at night, casting their nets, and attracting the fish by means of a huge lantern, or in some cases an electric light. In the morning the nets are raised, and the catch is dumped on the deck. Any-

where from one to ten thousand fish of every sort will be brought up by these nets, which are laid in a great circle of sea, at a distance of possibly eight hours' sail from the shore, and are plentifully baited with small sea-crab furnished by the large companies in whose employ the fishers ship.

Brought to shore and sorted, the fish are ready for sale by about eight o'clock in the morning, and the sardines retail on the beach here at Rovigno at six for a *heller*, or a fifth of a cent. Bought up by the canners, the sardines are washed in lukewarm water, and then laid on bleachers inside the courtyard of the factory for an hour or two, that the excess moisture may dry off. They are then sorted according to size, and placed in cans holding from six to twelve sardines apiece. Olive oil from the local groves is heated and poured over them; laurel leaves and a bit of rosemary are added as preservatives, and the sardines are ready for sealing and shipment.

We shall pass several canning establishments in our walk through the town, but in these visitors are not welcome. We may go so far as to peep through an open gate into one of the drying-yards and take a snap with our kodak, but we must be careful lest the proprietor catch us in the act and give chase with a handy stick.

PRODUCTS OF THE SOIL

There are other relishes that we may taste in their native haunts at Rovigno. Beyond the town are great vineyards in which fine grapes are grown. Here, in season, the wives of the fishermen work. During

the rest of the year these women are disposed to spend their time sitting idly on their doorsteps, or watching their husbands' nets drying on the quay.

Just prior to or immediately after the grape harvest, women and children go out and gather hazel-nuts, for the hazels of Rovigno are famous. Children shake the bushes, gathering the nuts in broad sacks, and often as many as two hundred hazels will be brought down from a single shrub. Bought up by the wholesale dealers, the nuts are dried on canvasses in the sun for perhaps six hours, losing so greatly in weight that a kilo* of undried nuts brings twenty-six *kreuzer*, whereas a kilo of the dried sells for forty-eight.

We walk out into the open country, where the olive groves—each tree with a grapevine growing up its trunk—impress us with their mid-summer beauty and dense shade. The olive harvest does not come before November, for frost is required to ripen the fruit; so now we see only the tiny green olives, resembling unripe cherries, except for their oblong shape, hiding under the long leaves that so closely resemble those of the silvery willow.

We have eaten some of the ripe olives in Rovigno. They are black and meaty, looking very much like shriveled prunes, and the taste is quite different from that of the green olives served at home.

The blackberry hedges along these country roads seem like old friends, in spite of their purple blossoms. The bushes hide the vineyards from view, but through occasional gaps in the hedge we catch glimpses of the

* Kilo (kē'lo), an abbreviation for kilogram, the unit of weight in these lands and equal to about 2½ pounds.

long rows of vines, planted as single stocks, and somewhat resembling the current bushes of Ohio.

As we walk back to town, we fall in with the fag-goters—donkey-boys driving animals laden down with gleanings from the woods to be sold in Rovigno. We have had a hard day, and would fain ride the donkeys, but there is no room on their backs.

When we reach our little hotel beside the sea, our pedometers—without which we, as good travelers, would not think of starting on any excursion—show that we have tramped some thirteen miles. Supper is ready, and the little tables on the terrace, lighted by oil lamps hung from iron bars overhead, look very attractive. We heartily enjoy the fresh fish supper, and long after we have finished the meal we linger, listening to the murmur of the waves nearby, and to the songs of the fishermen's wives on the beach.

POLA, THE NAVAL PORT OF THE EMPIRE

LEAVING Rovigno next morning, we continue on down the coast, taking one of the little steamers running to Pola, the Forbidden City of Austria. Before starting we buy from the women at the wharf a liberal supply of the sticky green grapes of Rovigno, which serve for pastime as well as refreshment during the trip.

Sailing among the Brionian (brē-o'-ne-an) Isles, we see handsome chateaux and picturesque villages scattered here and there on their shores; or, far off in the distance, between two isles, we catch a glimpse of the rolling headlands of the coast itself. At times we find ourselves almost in a fiord, so narrow is the channel

between the islands, and then, again, we are out in the open sea, and feel genuine ocean swells.

In the middle of the afternoon we drop anchor at Pola, the great naval port of the Empire. Dozens of the big olive-colored Austro-Hungarian warships are in the harbor; and on the street along the quay we see sailors in uniforms of white and of every possible rank, all busy about something or other.

As we walk up to the hotel from the quay we are reminded of Banjaluka (băn-yă-lōō'kă), for here we see the same little stands built out in the street for the sale of fruit, apricots, and pears, and in this case of sea-curios also, notably curious shells.

From the beginning of our sight-seeing, we find ourselves hampered. Everywhere the "No Admittance" sign stares us in the face. We go down to where the warships tower, and we find ourselves separated from them by great walls and gratings, inside of which no one may go without a pass. Everywhere where there are forts or other military arrangements, in Austria, we shall find this to be the case.

At the gateway of a large three-story military-looking building we accost the sentinel, and ask if there is no hope of our being admitted. He refers us to the admiralty office, and toward it we direct our steps. We are granted the coveted pass to the yards and ships, to have seen which will be very interesting if at any time in the near future Austria enters into long-threatened war with certain of her neighbors.

The officer who shows us about the yards tells us that in Austria every man is required to serve four years in the army, or navy, and he has no choice as to

which, unless he enlists before the required age of eighteen. Should he intend to remain in the ranks for life he must by the time the required years of service are over have attained the rank of an under-officer. On retiring, the soldier or sailor is granted a pension, the rate of which increases with every ten years he has served until it equals one-third of his regular pay.

Aboard the man-of-war which we visit we are shown only those things it could do a spy no possible good to see. We find that there are two decks in place of the single one which our own ships have, and we are permitted to pace one of these, witnessing the turning of the great cannon, and peeping into the mess-room of the higher and the non-commissioned officers, as well as the cabins of the admiral. Compared with those of our own ships the furnishings here seem to us dingy and plain.

Our attention is called especially to the apparatus by means of which, should occasion require, one-half of the ship may be blown up, without injury to the rest. We have pointed out to us, also, the various steering-rooms aboard, the demolition of any one of which would mean merely the using of another. After a glass of raspberry wine with our cicerone, we return to shore.

All along the streets in Pola we find the tables and chairs of the coffee houses obstructing the passage. It puts us in mind of London in the days of Addison and Steele, for here, too, men come to read an entire afternoon over a single cup of coffee, or to chat with acquaintances and transact matters of business. Certain cliques prefer certain cafés, and so when a man

we wish to see is not at his store, we shall be directed to seek him at such and such a café.

Military officers, too, frequent these cafés, and we are interested in seeing how they are constantly rising to their feet to salute a superior, or else returning the salute of some passing subordinate. Military law requires that every superior be saluted and that every salute be returned, so that the poor soldier-man is kept almost as alert in times of peace as in war time.

A ROMAN AMPHITHEATRE

One thing that is not forbidden us at Pola is a visit to the interesting Roman ruins of the neighborhood. Chief among these is the amphitheatre or Coliseum, one of the largest in the world. After seeing it one loses half his respect for the great Coliseum at Rome, because this one at Pola may be viewed to so much better advantage. Three stories high, except on one side, where the slope of a hill takes the place of the first story, the mighty structure towers around the arena—today a grassy field covered with scattered blocks of stone.

Here in Austria the metric system of measurement is in use, and the friendly guide who meets us at the gate explains that the distance across this open space in one direction is exactly 142 meters and in the other 170 meters. As we pause to reduce these dimensions to feet, our eyes wander over the vast amphitheatre. The stone of which it is built was originally white, but age and the weather have changed it to gray, with here and there beautiful shadings of brown, the whole taking on a peculiar pale blue tinge in the sunlight.

The old man who shows us about is one of the few people in Pola, aside from the sailors, who speak German, and he is very proud of his accomplishment. Despite the dust, the result of one of the summer droughts so common in this part of Europe, he insists on our tramp-



AMPHITHEATRE AT POLA, OLD ROMAN RUIN

ing about the great enclosed meadows to inspect the various ruins of the place. Fragments of the walls which enclosed the pits for the wild animals that fought in the arena are still to be seen, and the bed of a lake that occupied the center of the vast field. Our guide also shows us the spot where petrified human bones were unearthed in the excavations that up to four years ago were conducted by the city, which has

owned the site almost since the days when the Romans ruled these coasts. Then, by broad steps built in the all-encircling wall, where the lizards creep among the stones, he leads us to the landing on which the two emperors had their seats. From here we may look

directly across to the pillars that once supported the tiers of seats set aside for the nobles.

Now the old man insists that we shall walk around the race-course encircling the arena, and here and there he points out the deep foundation hole of some column or piece of statuary long since removed.

After this, with no thought of our weariness, he urges us to mount to the top story of the Coliseum, whence we may look out, through the ragged apertures that originally formed windows, to the sea, and upon the white dwellings of the town below us.

Later, descending a street of these dwellings—elegant two or three-story stone houses, coated with a yellow concrete, and joined to one another by tall walls which hide from view the gardens—we reach an arsenal. The building was originally a Franciscan



TRUE BOHEMIAN CHIMNEY SWEEPS

convent, which fact is, to us, the most noteworthy thing about it, for beyond a row of cannon-balls and mortars on the lawn we are permitted to see little here.

There are in the city two old Roman triumphal gates, which we find interesting. One of these now serves as the entrance to a summer garden, which is today thronged with sailors. As we are peeping in, a funeral procession passes along the street, and we are surprised at the curious hearse—a mere hack with an extension in the rear, on which the coffin is placed. The people in that street take off their hats respectfully as the hearse goes by.

We pass on in the shadows of the fig trees whose limbs overhang the tall garden walls; beneath the oleanders that fill the little second story balconies of the finer homes chimney sweeps are lounging, their donkeys loitering near.

This avenue leads up to the Citadel, from which a charming view may be had, but as we have no friend among the officers, we may not venture there. Instead, we make our way to an old Roman temple, beside which stands the venerable City Hall. The temple is a small building with a gable roof. The interior is dark and gloomy, quite lacking the grandeur which we expect in anything belonging to ancient Rome. The fact that one wall serves as a wall for the adjoining, more modern structure, however, tells eloquently how well those old Romans built.

Leaving the temple, we stop at one of the numerous tobacco shops (kept by women in almost every case), to purchase postage stamps for our souvenir postals.

For over Austria, the tobacconist is the legalized vender of postage stamps. The object of this arrangement is to encourage the sale of tobacco, which, as we know, is a government monopoly.

The postals on sale in these shops are of infinite variety. Every one of the seven thousand marines and the less numerous soldiers in the city lives away from here, and in writing home the men use these cards, for the benefit of the postal collectors in their families. Care is taken, too, as to how the stamp is placed on card or envelope, and one may buy cards telling just what sentiments the different positions of the stamps express.

The shops of Pola are very modern, and almost everything in them is intended for the use of the soldier. Most of the wares are exposed in cases outside the shops, to right and left of the door.

READY FOR WAR

In the evening we take a car ride through Pola; but again the garden-walls, and the walls about the naval buildings and the walls about very nearly everything else, prevent our seeing much, so we return to our hotel in disgust. We question the hotel-keeper as to the need of all this secrecy, and he explains that next only to Vienna, Pola is the most strongly protected point in the empire.

“Here is a list of the buildings of war the city contains,” he says, and we take them down as he gives them. The list runs much as follows:

An infantry barracks; general officers’ quarters; an army postoffice and telegraph station; a hydrographic

observatory; a marine observatory; marine barracks; a military prison; a military hospital; the lower officers' and naval artisans' homes; the admiralty office; artillery workshops; one artillery depot; a sails and tackle depot; smithies and foundries, and anchor, chain, and boat magazines. In addition there is a military casino for the officers, and marine primary and secondary schools for their children. In fact, ever since 1848, when the war harbor was opened here, and notably since 1858, when the sea arsenal was started, Pola has been supported by the nation's defenders.

Before leaving the city next day, we are so fortunate as to meet Admiral Minutello (min-oo-tell'lo), the Commandant of all Pola, a genial old man, wearing a full beard and having a frank, kindly face. He speaks excellent English, and we should hardly take him to be the commander-in-chief of not less than twelve thousand men, so simple and unaffected is his manner.

From Admiral Minutello's office we pass on, through a yard where armor plate is being tested, to the Naval Museum. Models are the principal exhibit here, but we enjoy more looking at specimens of old Venetian shot. This shot is almost like the South American bolas; it consists of two halves of a ball, bound together by a chain; when hurled at an enemy the ball will open and the chain between the halves will entangle the victim.

Having visited Miramar, we are especially interested in the regalia of Maximilian of Mexico, which is on exhibition here. Then we glance over a collection of trophies presented to the Austrian hero Tegetthof

(teg-get'ōff), the outfit of a polar expedition, and a stand of trophies—conical umbrellas of mandarins, etc.—taken during the Boxer troubles in China.

DALMATIA

A LITTLE before four o'clock in the afternoon a great liner leaves Pola for the lower Adriatic and Zara (zä'rä), our next stopping-place, and as a regiment of soldiers is being marched aboard we feel anxious lest we shall be unable to engage staterooms. No reservations may be made until almost sailing-time, for the service on these so-called first-class steamers is the most wretched boat service in Europe. However, we succeed in securing fair accommodations, and at last are under way.

Our cameras, which we have been unable to use in Pola, must still be kept out of sight, if we do not wish to be taken for spies, trying to snap a picture of forts so distant that they would appear mere hair-lines in a photograph, and so we retire to the cabin to bring our diaries down to date, and here we stay until the Forbidden City can no longer be seen.

Going up on deck again, we find ourselves on the open sea. Everybody is talking politics, for that is the chief subject of conversation in Austria, and we hear more than we have ever heard before of the Irredenta, and of the Serb and the Croat parties (each of which wishes to gather all its adherents in the empire either into one little kingdom or into some one part of the mother-country), and of the "Pan-Germanists," who would bring Austria over to Germany.

Those of us who are not able to speak the language

we hear about us, and so enter into the conversation, feel rather bored, and we are glad to hear the ring of the supper bell. At table we meet a man from Chili who is taking his son on a tour of Europe prior to leaving him at school in France, several Italians, a



DALMATIAN PEASANTS

The woman wearing about her neck a dowry

German, and a Frenchman, and we do our best to converse with the company during supper, which consists of bouillon, veal with macaroni, chicken with tomato sauce, potatoes, sausage, ripe olives, and lastly, cheese, coffee, and apricots—a typical Dalmatian meal.

Night comes on fairly early here, and when we go on deck again there is only the dim outline of the coast to be seen. We retire early to our berths and

soon are sleeping peacefully, rocked in the cradle of the deep.

At three o'clock in the morning the boat stops at Zara, the capital of the crown land of Dalmatia. It seems to us like the middle of the night as we sleepily follow a porter through the narrow little streets to our hotel. Here and there we pass a dark, forbidding-looking gray shop such as sailors always frequent in stories, and in which is sure to be sold the famous maraschino, a liquor for which Zara is noted. Later we try this maraschino, and find it to be an oily, almost colorless liquid, a sip of which tastes very good. Here it is served in a glass not more than an inch high, over the top of which a paper cap is fitted to preserve the wonderful aroma.

It is well into the morning before we get to bed, and so we rise late, so late, in fact, that the crowds are surging by on their way to church, just below our windows. We are particularly pleased with our breakfast-room—a graveled court surrounded with shrubbery, where clean white tablecloths await us and starlings hop about to amuse us between courses.

After the meal we sally forth. Everywhere we find the people in national costume. The women wear gaudy yellow or red scarfs over the head, folded to form a V upon the back, and exposing just a trifle of the rich brown hair, parted in the middle. In contrast with their white waists the tanned complexions of these peasants show off well; and they are very quaint and attractive in their heavy bodices richly embroidered with gilt and other threads, and their short dark or light blue skirts and navy blue aprons. A heavy

metal girdle, composed of three or four windings of chain, is worn about the waist, and embroidered slippers of carpet cloth, black stockings, and earrings complete the costume.

The men of Zara are conspicuous for their little flat red caps, with black embroidery about the rim, and a tiny black tassel. Most of these fellows are of swarthy complexion. They wear heavy slippers of hide, white woolen socks that appear below very dark "blue jeans" trousers, and a loose white shirt, over which there fits a vest of scarlet, so heavily em-



PEASANT GIRL OF ZARA

broidered in every color of the rainbow, as to put us in mind of Joseph's many-hued coat. Over one shoulder is hung (never worn) a coat of a dull yellowish brown, held on by a curious clasp. From the other shoulder hangs a carpet-bag, in which all purchases are carried, as well as provisions when the day is to be spent away from home. Most of the men—

Croatian Italians, speaking either Croat or Italian—also wear earrings.

Here, as in France, we notice that most of the people walk in the streets, and also that, despite its being Sunday, the little stores remain open for business for part of the day. Indeed, many of the peasants from the interior come to town on this day only, and then make all their weekly purchases. While the signs of the shops are printed in Italian and Croat, there are many soldiers in the city, and consequently German is spoken very generally by the tradespeople.

Every now and then, as we pass along, we notice a flag floating from above some door—a banner on which on a field of red, numbers, such as 25 or 45, will appear. These flags are the signs of wine shops, and the figures indicate the price in *kreuzer* at which the wine is sold per liter within. If we peeped into one of these shops we should find many peasants (some dressed for Sunday in European attire, except for the little red national cap), smoking their cigarettes or long German pipes. Their low, flat wagons, with the bars around the bed, and horses in the curious protruding collars, await them, just outside.

In the shadow of the old Roman arches groups of young girls are gathered, each girl bearing upon her head a bundle or basket, for this is the usual method of carrying here. These girls wear pretty scarfs and dowry coins such as we see for sale in the nearby shops. The coins are the ordinary money of the realm, pierced so that they may be hung on chains or fastened to the dress, and are very popular as ornaments.

Melon peddlers saunter about, disposing of their wares or chatting with the girls. Down where the walk leads between dwarfed arbor-vitæ to the church a balloon vender has his place, and the children crowd around him. At perhaps four o'clock all this selling will cease, and the rest of the day will seem more like the Sabbath.

AN ALBANIAN VILLAGE

As we watch the gay throngs in the street a diligence rolls by, bound for Knin (k'nin), out in the Bukovigna (boo-ko-veen'yä), as the desert-land is called in this part of Austria. We had thought of taking the ride to Knin, but we should enjoy it only for the very pretty falls at its end, so we prefer to spend our afternoon in making an excursion to the Albanian village of Erizzio (ër-ritz'e-o), on the outskirts of Zara.

Those of us who have made "The Little Journey to the Balkans" remember the Albanians we met at Cetinje (chā-teen'yā), in Montenegro, and of whom we heard so much while in Turkish lands. We recall being told how they are the fiercest people in the Sultan's realm, and how, if every one else were to desert Abdul Hamid, he could take refuge with his Albanians, in the mountain fastnesses of eastern Turkey, and defy all the world. In fact, so aloof are the Albanians from the rest of mankind that the traveler dares not penetrate their native vales until he has drunk blood-brotherhood with some of their chieftains. This drinking of blood-brotherhood is a horrible custom, which we have described to us thus: Guest and host

bare their arms, and each cuts himself slightly, letting the blood trickle into a glass. Wine is added to the blood, and of this mixture each man takes a sip, whereupon the two become blood-brothers.

We are anxious to see what Austrian civilization has been able to do for the little group of these wild people which, away back in the days when all Europe was in chaos, and the tribes wandered hither and thither, encamped on the shores of the blue Adriatic.

Shortly after luncheon we pass through streets which are quite deserted, owing to the intense heat, out into the country. Had we more time to spend at Zara, and no photographs to take, we might await the cool of evening for our excursion; but we must go now or not at all. Where oleanders overhang a garden wall a woman street-cleaner, for whom Sunday is as much a working day as Monday, has dropped her broom and is taking a siesta, and farther on we overtake a young girl sauntering towards one of the famous Five Wells of Zara, on the heights, for the daily water supply.

Beyond the city proper we pass through the Park, filled with semi-tropical verdure—palms and oranges and lemons, and plants the names of which we do not know. Here shady paths wind in and out where the locusts thrum as they do on like by-ways on summer days in the park at home.

We take a dusty country road beside the sea. Opposite us is the Island of Ultreo (ool-trā'o), from whose peaks, on a clear day, the coast of Italy is visible. Beggars sit beneath the trees along the road, not being permitted to enter the city. But for the sea and the

beggars, and the little donkeys (worth but eight dollars a head in this land) which pass us on the road, we could easily imagine ourselves somewhere in our own Middle West: dry, dusty fields with thistles, alternating cabbage-patches and fields of corn, stretch off toward the town.

Erizzio is a village of cottages—one-story buildings, which consisted originally of one or two rooms but which have been added to, room after room, until they extend some distance back from the road. They are constructed of lathing covered with light concrete and tasty terra-cotta roofs, from which grapevine trellises are built out to throw a shade before the door. Doors and windows are in the fronts of the houses only, while from the rear a low boulder wall that would delight the eyes of a Vermont farmer, stretches round to enclose a straggling garden, and a pair of olive or fig trees. Beneath these trees sit the large Albanian families, dressed in European attire or in the costume of the Dalmatians of Zara, but differing from these people in their greater fairness of complexion and a kindlier spirit toward the stranger.

We are surprised at the size of households here, until we learn that not alone all the unmarried children, but the married sons with families of their own, live with the parents until the death of the old folks, when frequently one or two branches will move out, establishing a house for themselves. As the families grow, the cottages are prolonged, until some of them look like the long-houses of the Iroquois Indians. Over all the children the father is absolute ruler, for though Austrian law, of course, makes every adult his

or her own master, no Albanian would ever think of disobeying the paternal decree.

Like their brethren farther to the south, the Albanians of Erizzio seem to grow only enough vegetables to meet their own needs, their main occupation being the raising of goats and some sheep, and the cutting of hay. The latter they pile in probably the tallest haystacks to be found in the world, excepting only the Rumanian.

We find an interpreter to tell one of the richest of these patriarchs that we have come all the way from America to visit his town, and he kindly allows us to peep into his home. The glimpse we get is interesting. Across one wall slats have been tacked, and behind these the dishes of blue crockery stand. Over the fireplace (and the sight reminds us at once of some of Longfellow's descriptions of New England in the days of the red men) the long muskets and the pistol are hung—relics of the days when the Albanian was the scourge of Europe.

There are some chairs and two tables in the room, and on the largest table the youngest member of the family, a baby perhaps six months old, lies playing with a broken sword-hilt. Beyond is a bedroom, much like those of other peasant homes of Europe, the mulberry trees outside throwing their shadows on its floor.

These Albanians, in distinction from their Moslem cousins, are Roman Catholics, and in the cemetery at one end of the village the graves are marked by battered wooden crosses, each formed of two shingles nailed together. At the junction of the arms of the

cross, a large circular glass case is hung, enclosing a wreath of beadwork, and in its center two photographs of the deceased are exposed. This ornamental headstone seems odd to us, but certainly it is more liable than any epitaph to perpetuate the memory of the dead.

Beyond the cemetery is the village threshing-ground, just now occupied by a herd of swine. The little herder has joined some men in the road in a game of lotto. As we learned in Rovigno, lotto is a great gambling game in Austria, but with these folks the manner of playing is different from ours. One man has all the cards before him, each of the others who are in the game having bet on a given number, or row of numbers. As the holder of the cards calls, he uses gravel from the roadside to mark off, and when a line is filled, a happy cry proclaims the victor. When crossing the Atlantic, we have seen this same game played by Italian emigrants aboard ship.

ABOUT THE CITY

Just after sundown we return to Zara, in season for the evening promenade along the quay. Hundreds of people have come out to enjoy the delightful Adriatic breezes and the twilight chill, and the sight of the passing throng recalls the board walk at Atlantic City or Asbury Park. Happy-go-lucky, for the most part, these people appear, and they are proverbially lazy. A little pork, a little corn or cabbage, and an occasional ham constitute the fare of the wealthy, while the poor live very largely upon ordinary white bread or corn bread.

We cannot leave Zara without knowing more of the famous maraschino than the mere taste of it, and so on the morrow we visit one of the largest distilleries. On our way to the institution we are passed by a long procession of the Albanians from Erizzio, marching two by two—first the children, then the men, then the women—chanting as they go, and bearing sacred relics and church banners. The procession is a religious one, on its way through the streets and to the church, that prayers may be offered for the cessation of the great drought that now reigns.

We find that the maraschino distillery greatly resembles a dwelling, its sunny courts filled with flowers. The cherries of which the drink is made, we are told, are not cultivated, but grow wild all along this section of the coast. They are gathered by the farmers in the month of July, when agents from the distillery go about, buying them for shipment to Zara. These cherries are not the Maraschino cherries we see in our lemonade at home, but a small fruit, little larger than one of our smallest June cherries, and darker in hue. Brought here, the fruit is pressed, and the juice prepared with other secret ingredients to form the beverage. The leaves, too, are collected, cut, and added to the juice. The whole forms a compote or mass with which an alcohol admixture is allowed to ferment for almost half a year, when the resulting liquor is distilled and bottled for sale.

Over three hundred thousand bottles of the maraschino are turned out by this one distillery annually, and some five thousand casks of it are sent from here to the United States alone. As we are leaving, the

genial manager of the company makes us a present of several bottles of the maraschino, as well as some of the cherries themselves, preserved for the use to which we put the so-called maraschino cherry at home.

We are to take the ten o'clock boat for Sebenico (sā-bā'nē-ko), the next town of any importance on the coast, and as no luncheon will be served on board, we must have something to eat before we leave. So, after a peep into the cathedral, with its fine choir stalls, we return to the hotel.

Our luncheon is commonplace. We have veal, potatoes, cucumber salad and bread—a typical meal of the region; but the dessert is a novel one, consisting of a plum or two served inside a puffy steamed noodle, with plenty of plum preserves to moisten the mass.

AT SEA AGAIN

THE first part of the sail to Sebenico is rather monotonous, past low cliffs of the grayish-yellow shade of the Rock of Gibraltar, and occasionally islands covered with olive groves. We stop now and then at a small coast hamlet, at whose dock the boys reach down to haul up some sea-urchin and toss it aboard, for the amusement and the *kreuzer* of the passengers.

After the noon hour, the scenery grows more beautiful, as the Dalmatian archipelago again takes on a definite shape—its snowy white deserted cones rising out of the sea, barren and desolate save for here a fringe of trees or there possibly a peasant home. Of every size and shape are these bits of land, and so beautiful that we almost envy the fisher boys whose happy lot it is to ply these straits the year around.

Sebenico, which we reach at dusk, is a typical South-Croatian town, the center of a region famous for a peculiar industry. All about the hills enclosing Sebenico there grows a daisy, which closely resembles our camomile. At the blossoming season, which is early in May, every one goes out to gather these daisies, bringing them into the city and drying them on the flat house-tops. The dried flowers are sold to a large insect-powder establishment, where they are ground to dust, and this, of varying grades, is sold as one of the best insecticides in the world. Thus the flowers even things up with the insects that have robbed them of their honey.

Sebenico has really only one other industry to interest us, and that is a macaroni factory, which we visit the morning after our arrival. Here we see the dough forced through what appears to be a log made of metal and filled with little tubes. From the tubes the newly-cut macaroni or noodle of the larger size is turned out upon big boards, covered with heavy wrapping paper, and placed on turnstiles that revolve so as to hasten the drying, while the smaller varieties are strung on canes to dry.

Some twenty-nine varieties of these dough products are made here, and the picture presented by the great beams laden with the tubelets is rather pretty. On an upper floor, especially, where the longer varieties hang, drooping from the canes to the floor when dry, the yellow turns to green in the sunlight and almost dazzles one with its radiance.

The citizens of Sebenico have a peculiar costume. The women wear a short black skirt with a band of

red around the bottom; a white waist with long flowing sleeves, and a bodice of black on which a severely stiff pattern is worked in red, both in front and behind. A white cap tied so that the ribbons hang over the shoulders completes the picturesque dress. The men, like the women, are of splendid physique, but like them, again, they are inordinately dirty. Blue vest and trousers; white shirt and the tiny red cap—no larger than possibly two of our silver dollars, and serving as ornament alone—are all so grimy and spotted that if we were to see only such Croats as these we would certainly not wish to continue our journey into Croatia.

The children of Sebenico are a happy lot, and down on the market—the weekly market, that is—there is maintained a booth where singing-tops, whistles, and similar wares are displayed. If we have any spare *kreuzer* left in our purses on our return to the hotel at noon, we may have great sport dropping these down, one by one, among the little ones at play in the yard below our room, then quickly drawing in our heads. So poor are the most of these people that they cannot imagine any one being rich enough to be able to give away money, and it is quite possible the children will believe the coin (equal in value to two-fifths of a cent) to have been dropped by some 'good angel from heaven.

After we have taken a walk among the tall three-story houses, of stone very roughly cut, that crown the hill behind the city proper, we are ready to continue southward.

A CITY BUILT IN A PALACE

We leave Sebenico shortly before noon, bound for the most curious place, probably, that we shall visit in our entire journey. For we are going to Spalatro



TOWN WALLS OF SPALATRO THE CITY INSIDE A PALACE

(spä-läh'tro), the city built in a palace. All afternoon we shall sail once more among the snow-white Dalmatian Islands, noting here and there a stone wall that seems to enclose barren ground but in reality protects a young vineyard which peasant enterprise is bringing to grow upon the rocks.

At sundown a wonderful sight greets our eyes. From the shore which we are approaching rise the

walls of a vast and ancient Roman palace, with little modern dwellings clustering about it so closely that new and old are inextricably commingled. This is Spalatro, once the home of the Emperor Diocletian, after he had wearied of governing the world and entered retirement in Dalmatia.

From the wharf we follow the baggage bearer through the imperial gateway and find ourselves inside the great enclosing walls, three or more stories in height and themselves formed of dwellings which are still inhabited. A town has grown up within this enclosure, its houses packed in almost solidly together, rising up severely side by side like tenements on an American water front. Here are no gardens and no side entrances. Little narrow streets that once formed passageways between the buildings of the palace thread this way and that, and these are constantly spanned, we find as we advance, by little bridges, which recall the Bridge of Sighs in Venice. In some of the bridges which join the old buildings people now live, though the government, bit by bit, is buying out all the palace dwellers, that the deserted imperial residence may be preserved for the future. Up to one hundred years ago no steps of any sort were taken for such preservation, and hence the houses, both inside and out, which mar the beauty of the stanch old pile.

Our hotel is located in the heart of the palace, beset by a small army of waiters. One man brings the soup, another the meats and vegetables, another the bread, and still another attends only to our bill. He seemingly relies wholly on our honesty, asking us to tell what we have had, but should we, by any little slip of

memory, fail to give the entire list, he would at once prove himself better informed than we in that particular.

While we are dining, the town clocks strike—ten minutes after the hour, according to our watches, which we set in Sebenico, for Spalatro's time is ten minutes later than that of the rest of Dalmatia. Four minutes afterward they strike again, like the clocks of old Venice, to make sure that every one has heard.

We do not sit up late. We shall have a busy day to-morrow, as we do not wish to stay over-time in Spalatro, and so must rise early.

An old Serb native, who speaks German, takes charge of us immediately after breakfast, and we follow him through the curious palace-town, which covers a space equal to several of our city blocks. First, he shows us an ancient Venetian public building set in an open square, its windows ornamented with little railings of stone. In the background we see the still more ancient walls of one of the original buildings of the palace.

We thread some exceedingly narrow lanes among three and four-story houses of modern date, their lower floors given over to shops, and one or more of their walls always giving evidence of having belonged to one of the Roman buildings. Donkeys, laden with fagots and other burdens, dispute the way, for the use of wagons is impossible here; and now and then a peasant company will stand aside to let us pass. We notice that very few of these palace dwellers wear a distinctive costume.

Near the center of the town we are shown the old cathedral tower, of uncertain date, but probably erected about 1000 A. D. It rises like some skyscraper above the surrounding structures. The cathedral is now undergoing repairs that threaten to prove endless.

From here through an arcade or covered passage of Venetian origin we make our way to the gate by which we entered last evening, that we may take another, closer view of the great outer wall of the palace, and of the green Italian shutters and lace curtains added to its windows by the present inmates.

Once more within the enclosure, we peep into the modern Baptistry of Spalatro, originally the private chapel of Emperor Diocletian, and still containing the old sarcophagi and stones belonging to the Roman period. In the town museums, of which there are three, we see more of these stone relics, old pillars and statues, as well as cases filled with coins and pottery, urns of pale blue, translucent glass which hold ashes; handsome cameos delicately chased, and figures in alabaster. In one of the museums we see men taking impressions of the inscriptions on some of these relics, working a sheet of prepared paper into the cracks and crannies so as to reproduce even the faintest cutting. Later, these inscriptions will be translated by scholars whose life is devoted to research.

Where an old winged lion, dating back to Venetian rule at Spalatro, flaunts from a corner of the walls, the market-place is laid, and here we see many Turks and Bosniacs. A few steps beyond, we are in modern Spalatro, outside the palace, where a little

horse-car wanders along without a track, and gas lamps light the streets, and there are pretty gardens behind the low walls.

In the afternoon we hire open carriages for a long drive into the interior of Dalmatia. It is extremely warm, and those of us who are not provided with the broad straw hats worn by the peasants, and resembling Mexican sombreros, or thin head kerchiefs, such as the women wear, have to ask that the carriage-top may be kept up.

We follow a great barren mountain chain, at whose base lie vineyards edged with olive trees, traversing the fertile valley of the Jader (yä'der), that we may get an idea of its quaint hamlets. Each tiny village consists of perhaps a dozen odd houses, built of roughly cut boulders of every size and contour, cemented together so as to form a dwelling.

Lone pomegranate hedges, with an occasional stretch of blackberry vines, serve as fences here, and over them we have to climb to inspect those curious remains of Roman settlements which, as seen from the road, resemble nothing so much as the cellar holes of ruined houses. A wild flower like the dandelion, but having a different leaf, everlasting, and larkspur, and the wild fig and wild olive inhabit these ruins, helping to make them picturesque, while frogs and crickets sound their notes from the lowest depths.

VILLAGE LIFE

IT WILL be some time before we become accustomed to the fact that here all the people live in the villages, going out during the day to work their fields. We

find no farmhouses in the country between the hamlets, or any human habitation other than the little shacks of pine boughs thrown up by the farmers as a protection from the sun at noon. In fact, aside from an occasional flock of sheep or goats, or a passing donkey, bearing anywhere from one to four people, we often see no sign of life at all as we drive along.

At Trau (trow), we cross the Jader on a long stone bridge, to enter a typical town of the interior, with its church facing the open square or plaza, and the gardens about the homes edged with pink and scarlet oleanders. Along the river we see the women of Trau sitting in little groups beneath the trees, spinning and gossiping. Old Venetian walls and towers, with the winged lion everywhere manifest, are all about here, and on the cathedral portico we see some rare old sculptures, dating from the time when the Doges' power extended over all this land.

The side streets of Trau are narrow and gloomy, winding in and out among the ugly boulder houses. Uninviting shops, fish-markets, and inns open upon the street, and in the last named we always find one wall deeply indented to make way for the *tun* of wine. Men sit here playing pinochle (at least such seems the game), the day through, and if the work in the fields is done we can scarcely blame them, for their homes are so dark and dingy that it is little wonder they do not care to go there.

We ourselves tire very quickly of Trau, but we would not have missed our excursion for a good deal, since it has shown us exactly what village life in Dalmatia is.

After a glance at the great silvered statue of an abbot in the town church, we return to our carriages for a circuitous drive to Salonae (Sä-lo-nā').

WHERE THE FURIES FOUGHT

On our way to this town the guide tells us its story. In the struggle between Octavius Cæsar and Pompey, Salonae, then a flourishing city, adhered to Cæsar. As a result, it was besieged by Pompey, and it seemed as though the town must yield. Finally, one night, while the beleaguering forces were encamped all around, the women of the town appeared on the walls, hair flying, voices uttering long, wild calls, and hands brandishing torches, and the superstitious legions of Pompey, mistaking them for the Furies come to protect Salonae, fled in terror, pursued by the soldiers from inside the city.

To-day Salonae reminds us of the excavated parts of Herculaneum, for it is a city of ruins. A very pretty stone dwelling has been erected for the custodian of the place, behind which, over the hillside, stretches the early Christian burying-ground, with its old pillars and tombs. The latter bear the marks of desecration by ravaging Goths, while the graves of the poor remain almost untouched, containing too little of value to warrant raising the heavy stone covers.

In the valley, among the vineyards and the meadows, old walls and piers and pillars rise everywhere, giving to the landscape an air of sadness in the sundown. Little folk from the vicinity come up from these fields of vine to sell us Roman coins or ornaments, dug up in plowing; or to volunteer to guide us to a small amphi-

theater which has been exhumed on a more distant hillside.

The sun is well nigh set before we have completed our ramble here, and, as we return to the road, we find Turks and Bosniacs, Croats and Serbs, thronging the highway, bound, as are we, for the town. Our boat leaves at midnight, so we are in no haste, but enjoying the delightful evening breeze, drive slowly back to our hotel in a palace.

THE BALKANS AGAIN

THE next stage of our journey will not be new to some of us, who only a short time ago visited the Balkan lands, for we are now bound for Ragusa and Cattaro. Those of the party who did not take that trip are anxious to see something of the lower coast of Austria, and all of us can enjoy the sail. There is little travel along this route in July, so we have plenty of room on the steamer, and we revel in the luxury, and sleep soundly the night through. When we wake and go on deck before breakfast, we find that the boat has cast anchor at Gravosa, the port for the summer city of Ragusa. Ragusa is the most beautiful spot, barring none, in the Balkans, and our hearts thrill with pleasure as we once more gaze upon the lofty mountains, forest clad, and reaching almost to the clouds, in majestic splendor all about us.

Landing, we take a wagonette for one of the summer hotels on the heights. This time we shall stop at the largest of these, because it has the deserved reputation of being one of the finest in all Europe. Four great verandahed stories rise up among the shrubbery in

Venetian lines and curves, upon a terrace where oleanders of five several hues are planted in great hedges. From the house avenues bordered with the century plant and palms of every sort lead away through the trees. From our rooms we have a view of the bay at the foot of the forest palisades.

After washing up a bit, we stroll down again to the older town of Gravosa, at the foot of the mountains. Originally the two places were quite distinct, but now the name of either is used for the other, and the steamers call the stop Ragusa, because of the hotels at that place. We fall in with a farmer's boy who speaks a little German, and from him we learn one of the pretty stories of the Adratic, which reminds us of one we have often read in connection with Scotch history.

Many, many years ago a poor sailor left Gravosa to sail the seas. He had put all his little savings in a vessel, that he might hold the honored title of skipper, and he hoped much from the voyage. But Neptune was unkind, and the ship went down. The sailor escaped with his life, and returned to his home. His ill-luck made him first curse his fate and then vow to prosper in spite of it, and so he borrowed from friends and relatives, borrowed all that they could spare—which is so little in these countries—and fitted out another boat. Again he put to sea, and again the ship was wrecked, and the skipper himself barely escaped drowning.

Wrecked financially, the man took one of the smallest rooms in the upper floor of a tenement of Gravosa, and there sat down to bemoan his fate. As he sat

looking out on the cruel sea, which smiled so peacefully here, he caught sight of a spider in the corner of the window, trying, as spiders will, to throw her cables and secure her web. Once the little insect made the swing and failed. Again she tried, and again she failed. Then she rested a moment before nerving herself for a third attempt. This time a favoring breeze caught the silky strand, and the cable was fast.

To the sailor, superstitious as all sailors are, the little incident seemed as a message from heaven. Going before the town council, he told his story, inspiring his hearers with its divine suggestion, and vowing that if the council would assist in fitting him out once more, and he should succeed, he would richly repay the city. The money was lent, the man put to sea, and came home richer than his fondest dreams had ever anticipated. Faithful to his promise, he bequeathed to the city a sum whereby every poor girl of the place is given a dowry sufficient to allow her to wed the man of her choice; for, in this part of the world, people must have a certain amount of wealth, according to their station in life, before they may marry.

Natives in blue bloomers with broad red belts, lavender skirts and scarlet fez; Turks with a towel of white wrapped around the head as a turban, and Albanians in white flannel suits with tight fitting trousers, will attract our eyes at once as we pass through a gateway in the thick old walls and take the path beside the sea, with the Island of Lacroma (Lä-kro'mä), a tropic park belonging to Ragusa, just opposite.

THE LESSON AN EARTHQUAKE TAUGHT

There is a curious feature of Ragusa, that strikes us during this visit. Each house stands isolated from its neighbors—a precaution learned from an earthquake that wrought much damage here early in the nineteenth century. The homes almost invariably have a store on the lower floor, with a single narrow window at one side of an equally narrow door. Clothing and fire-arms are the chief wares displayed in these shops.

The sights of the town are soon seen—an old Franciscan church, the statue of a soldier surmounting a tall pillar, a tall old clock tower, with a curious, carved entry, facing the custom house, and the cathedral. In the shadow of the buildings about the plaza, the Albanian melon sellers squat awaiting the chance purchaser.

A QUEER RECEPTION

Returning to the hotel for a meal on the veranda, in the shade of the great old trees, where locusts thrum and the sea wind sings, we prepare for a trip out into the heart of the country, the Canali-tahl (Kä-näh'-le-tähl'). We remember vividly our former excursion into this region, and are interested in seeing how the uninitiated of our party enjoy the trip.

We have a long drive, skirting the Adriatic to the foot of the mountains. Here the horses are hitched, while we go afoot up a narrow little trail to a peasant home. Only the women are in, so we await the return of the men for our real reception. This opens by the oldest man of the family taking from a closet a decanter probably a foot in height, filled with gin. He pours

out a little maráschino glassful of it, and, wishing us good luck, swallows the liquor. Refilling the glass, without washing or wiping it, each member of the family drinks to us, and, last, we must return the compliment by taking a glass of the liquor.

After that the women in their clean white head-dresses and embroidered white waists, and skirts of a darker material, pass about a wine cake. This cake resembles the *pumpernickle* of Germany, externally, but is composed of pressed figs and other fruit. After this drinking water is served, and the host offers the men of our party tobacco from his little box. While the men smoke in silence, the voices of the sheep, occupying the lower floor of the dwelling, are heard below.

After the smoke we are taken about the house to see the bedrooms, each with a double bed, and suspended from the ceiling a pole on which to hang clothes. A few sacred pictures adorn the walls.

We return to the stone porch, overlooking a barren little garden enclosed by walls and shaded by mulberry and fig trees, where the supper is served, our hosts refusing to eat with us, that they may have the honor of serving the meal. Dishes, ornamented with a flower pattern, silver knives and forks, and napkins are in use. The feast consists of a great eighth-loaf of freshly baked bread, tasting like Boston brown bread, dried ham cut so thin as to be almost translucent, and a decanter of home-made red wine.

While we sup we catch glimpses of the children peering around the corners at the rare Americans, but the little ones flee before our most gentle advances.

After this course a light orange sherry, sweet and strong, is served in water goblets and followed by a dish of soft boiled eggs.

On leaving we shake hands all around, while our guide, who is the landlord of the adjoining farms, gives to our host's eldest son a kiss, since he is this boy's brother, his father having been the young peasant's sponsor at baptism. The drive back to Ragusa in the moonlight is delightful, and we regret that we have not longer to spend among the summer hotels on the bluffs, but the next morning a steamer leaves for the south, and we must go on.

This lower Dalmatian coast is remarkable for its innumerable bights, or little bays, formed by curves and bends in the coast. They certainly deserve their name, for they give one the impression that some giant has bitten large mouthfuls from the shore. A road follows the coast along here at the base of curious yellow-white hills of rock, covered with a scrub vegetation, which reminds us of that of the Axenstrasse (ähk'sen-strähs'sa), of Switzerland.

CATTARO

WE DINE aboard the boat, and as we leave the table after the meal we find ourselves entering the famous Bocches Cattaro, conceded by many to be the most magnificent series of fiords, or inlets of sea, in the world. The fact that we have sailed through them before does not lessen our enjoyment of the wonderful scenery.

Entering the first of these basins, we find ourselves in an almost circular lake of sea, surrounded by stupendous mountains, some of them forested, others not,

but faced with rock alone, and rising steep and sheer to higher chains ahead, which threaten, apparently, to hem us in. Here and there a hamlet may be seen upon the mountain side, often so near the summit as to cause us to wonder how the inhabitants make the long climb from the sea.

At one o'clock we stop at Castelnuovo (käs-tell-nōō-oh'vo), at the foot of a great mountain rock, with an ancient castle high above, commanding the last great highway in the south of Austria, and also a road that leads easterly across to the Herzegovina, branching off at one side. We are told that at Christmas time, in the little villages along this road, the families strew a log with grain and oil and wine, and the head of the family asks God to be equally bountiful to his little ones next year. Then there are songs and a feast on Christmas eve, ending in the firing of the guns of all the men of the family out under the stars.

Firearms play an important part in the festivities of this region. On the occasion of a wedding, the men of the bridegroom's clan go armed to the home of the bride, demanding her from her parents, and giving a hearty handshake in token of their good intentions. When she is given over to them, all muskets are emptied in her honor. At baptisms, too, shooting is the proper form of congratulation.

Leaving Castelnuovo and rounding the base of the mountains, the ship enters an unsuspected little strait, which reminds us of the Narrows of Lake Chautauqua, and comes out in the next bocche, this one distinguished from the rest as the harbor of a good sized fleet of Austro-Hungarian warships. At the foot of the

mighty mountains surrounding the basin, the eight dull colored vessels ride at anchor, and as we sail by so quietly into the third bocche, we dip our flag in salute. On and on the boat glides, stopping only at the little wharfs of small, half forsaken towns, almost deserted since the great emigration to California. Late in the afternoon we reach Cattaro, the southernmost point in Austria, and here we go ashore.

Cattaro's only interest is its position at the very end of a mighty empire, and the fact that Germany cherishes the hope some day to extend as far as this. We who have passed through the town on our way to Montenegro, remember it only as a gateway to the Balkan lands. Its plain, ugly stone houses face on narrow, paved streets. There are no gardens, save an occasional raised terrace, graced by a fig or pomegranate bush in a flower pot, and a little park, the lower end of which serves as a market place. The signs of shops are in Cyrillic, as well as German, for Montenegrins are numerous here, and we hear both the Serb and the Croat spoken by many people.

After peeping into a little Greek church, which is worth visiting for its pretty altar screen, and looking at the various Roman arches and bits of wall dating back to the days of the Cæsars, we have practically seen the city. In order to be able to say we have stood at Ultima Thule, we walk to the town wall and out over a bridge where sentries stand guard, and here our journey must end.

Beyond, the serpentine road criss-crosses up the mountain side into Montenegro, and some of us recall a delightful drive we had over that thoroughfare.

We sleep late next morning. Having accomplished a good bit of globe-trotting in the past few days, we are pleased to find now that we may indulge in solid rest, and this without the waste of a moment's time. We have the morning in Cattaro, to idle in the park—where the ladies smoke their cigarettes while doing the family knitting—and to saunter through the market. Then, after luncheon, we go aboard the through boat, and stowing away our possessions in our cabins, settle ourselves on deck, prepared to enjoy a long, delightful sea voyage.

At half past two we weigh anchor, bound northward. This time our way lies farther from the coast. We pass new, larger islands, and often are out of sight of land altogether. We are now enroute for Fiume.

All the afternoon, all night, we sail, ploughing our way quietly northward up the Adriatic, and at a quarter before ten next morning are off Zara. On and on we go, until almost opposite Pola, when we bend into the Gulf of Fiume and drop anchor before Fiume, the great seaport of the kingdom of Hungary.

Close to the harbor is the American consulate, and Uncle Sam, with his flag floating in the breeze, is the first to welcome us, just as he was the last to wave us a good-bye when, homeward-bound from the Balkans, we sailed from this port for Italy.

A ROYAL FREE CITY

ARRIVING at Fiume, we enter one of the most curiously governed cities in the world. Hungary owns the crown land of Croatia, in which Fiume is located, and the city, instead of being subject to the law of

Croatia, is responsible only to the central government. It is as though Chicago, lying in the state of Illinois, were not subject to the laws of Illinois in any way, but simply obeyed those of the United States as a whole. The reason for this is that Fiume is what is known as a "royal free city."

Possibly in our "Little Journey to Germany" we learned something of the old free cities of that country. In ancient times a city was usually governed by some powerful noble, who had his castle on the hill or *Burg* (boorg) above the town, and who forced the people to pay for every privilege he granted them. In times of war, however, when the noble needed money, he was only too glad to sell to the city certain privileges for



FIUME, THE GREAT HUNGARIAN SEA-PORT

the gold with which wealthy merchants could provide him.

That was one way of achieving independence. Another was this: When the noble and the king fell out and the city sided with the monarch, the latter, when he had crushed his rebellious subject, would reward the faithful townspeople by giving the place liberties not possessed before. Thus came about the royal free cities, and such a one is Fiume.

Fiume city interests us for another fact: In the past few years Bridget and Paddy have to some extent been supplanted in our kitchens and stables by Hungarian immigrants, and almost all of these have come to us by way of Fiume. The Hungarian government encourages the poor and needy to emigrate to America, and they are sent over on vessels constructed purposely for emigrant passage and operating between Fiume and New York. We visit one of these ships while at Fiume, and are amazed at the immensity of the one long deck on which the third-class passengers sit during the voyage. On the wharf we see some of our prospective countrymen—barefooted, hatless, and many of them wearing only a gingham slip, or a shirt and pair of trousers.

Returning to the land, we walk along the quays of Fiume, where the great warehouses are located. These big buildings remind us somewhat of those we saw at Salonica. Suddenly we hear the ringing of a bell near us, and a traveling butcher shop, such as we used to have in the country at home, goes by. There is another jingle, a street car stops beside us, and we board it for a ride. Besides going through town, we

are going out of the country, for before we have ridden many blocks we learn that we are again in Austria. We go on and are in Hungary once more. So close is the border to the heart of town here.

On the latter part of this ride we pass a great yard,



SLOVAK EMIGRANTS ON SHIP AT FIUME
About to leave for New York

surrounded by high brick walls. In the buildings within, we learn, the famous Whitehead submarine torpedoes are manufactured, to be sent to all parts of the world. Here were made the deadly missiles that created such havoc in the Russo-Japanese war. There are so many secrets about torpedo-making that visitors are unwelcome to the factory, and even our

consul here at Fiume cannot manage to have us admitted for a trip of inspection.

Past an immense rice and starch factory and a petroleum harbor, where Russian oils are handled, we go, and return at length to the center of town, repassing the Public Gardens, and the Imperial Naval Academy and Theater. Leaving the car, we step into a café, as does every one in Fiume, either for a cup of coffee or a dish of the ice-cream, served with a wafer, which is so popular here. While we are eating our ice-cream children go by, peddling fresh fruit dipped in a glass of melted sugar just thick enough to coat the plum or grape, and, as in France, we feast on these dainties.

In Fiume a little knowledge of Italian stands one in good stead. The town is full of Irredentists, and while there are many signs printed in German and in Magyar, they are not nearly so numerous as the Italian.

Our second day in the city we walk down the broad asphalt streets to do some shopping, for the stores here are as attractive as any in Europe. They have exceedingly broad and large show windows, opening like doors streetward, and usually two or three times as large as our own.

In many of these windows are exposed, on a series of shelves, novelties made of a shell found on some near-by islands which resembles mother-of-pearl so closely as to deceive all but the expert. Most of these trifles are miniature reproductions of well-known articles—tiny aquariums to be worn on the watch-chain, diminutive pencils and pens and forks, knives and spoons, little boxes of dominoes, the whole

case not an inch in length—and a thousand and one other things.

Following the street to the outskirts of town, we come to the second-hand bazaars, and then to the town walls, where persons entering the city are searched for dutiable articles, for Fiume has a right to exact a customs duty just as a country has.

We take a hill road from here, and follow it to the foot of the famous pilgrimage stairs—a broad flight of stone steps leading among the homes and fields, up a very steep hill, to the large Roman Catholic church overlooking the city. All along the stairway are built little shrines, where sacred relics are shown beneath panes of glass, and in the shadow of the shrines women sit, peddling rosaries, scapulars, and tapers to be burned at the shrine.

The church of Saint Vest, at the top of the hill, to which the pilgrims go to offer their prayers, we find intensely interesting. Its walls are hung with pictures of storm-tossed vessels, and in one corner of each picture is a portrait of the Saint, whose prayers have saved the vessel from destruction. Pilgrims go barefooted from picture to picture, kissing each, or they encircle a certain pillar of the church a given number of times before kissing the relics which are hung in cases on this column.

We are very tired after our climb, and the descent of the stairs is made slowly—the more so because of the charming view of town and sea which it affords. On our way back to the city we pass a house in course of erection, and are surprised to see at work women as hod-carriers. In fact, the activity of everybody



WOMEN HOD-CARRIERS AT FIUME, CROATIA

in Fiume is a shock to us, coming from the easy-going southern provinces.

During the noon hours, however—from twelve to two—the stores are closed here, and so we drop into another café for a long summer's dinner, from which we rise to catch the tug to Abbazia (äb-bät'zē-ä), Hungary's summer-resort by the sea. Abbazia is semi-tropical in its foliage, and with its hotels, its villages, its band-stands and its booths, recalls some of our own southern winter resorts. Here, however, the villas all belong to royalty, the Prince of This, the King of That, and the Duke of Something Else. We could not have found a more delightful spot in which to spend the warm summer's evening than this, where

the music of the gypsy orchestras chimes in with that of the waves, and the pretty lanes among the orange and lemon trees invite one to wander on, to baths and bazaars and belvideres beside the sea.

There is another summer resort in Hungary which we wish to see in order to watch the Magyar at play, and that is in the Plitvica (plit-vit'kă) Lake country. Accordingly we leave Fiume in the morning for Ogulin (o'gōō-lin), a typical hamlet of interior Croatia, which is the railway station from which the lakes may be most conveniently reached.

A CROAT VILLAGE

OGULIN reminds us somewhat of a Dutch village, the roofs of the little plaster-coated houses having the peculiar slant we notice in roofs in Holland, and their thatch, also, being covered over with moss. There are double sets of windows here for protection against the cruel *Bora*, or winter wind, of which we hear so many almost incredible tales in this region, and between the two sets of panes lace curtains swing idly now. Most of the houses consist of but two rooms, and one of these cottages is a little country store, with a sign in Croatian over the doorway. Now and then a bar occupies the front chamber of a house, and the fact is made known by a big wooden pitcher hanging from a crane above the door.

From one side of every house there stretches a low garden wall—so low that we can look over it into the garden behind. Plum trees, whose laden boughs remind us of the groves on the Lake Erie islands, shade these walls, dropping the plums into a neat

vegetable garden containing carrots and cabbage and onions, each row of the plants edged off with the old-fashioned phlox, lady-slippers, oleanders, and sun-flowers. Every garden, moreover, has a little latticed summer-house, where, at about four in the afternoon, the family gathers—the women to sew, or to do some darning; the men with their long German pipes to indulge in a recess smoke; and all to make merry over the afternoon coffee.

The dress of these Croatians we do not find particularly attractive. The men wear a long white jacket which hangs below the belt, and over which a short vest of darker color fits; white trousers and a soft black hat complete the costume. The women have



LITTLE CROATIANS TAKING THE WEEKLY BATH

still less in the way of a distinctive dress, wearing common blue gingham. The only noticeable thing about their costume is a handkerchief of navy or even darker blue, upon which a pad is fastened, so that they may carry on their heads their great hampers of wash to and fro between their homes and the river.

We follow one of these women to the public laundry, situated in a ravine behind the town, and we come on a merry scene. All the little folks of Ogulin are here, either helping their mothers tread the wash on the rocks, or indulging in a bath, or else romping about clad only in Nature's own garments, as children will, the world around, at the old swimming-hole.

We have been planning to drive from Ogulin into the lake country, and as the only drivers to be had are the farmers of the place, we must wait till the men come in from the fields. Their coming, at sunset, brings us disappointment, for seeing at once that we are Americans, they demand a double fare, and rather than be cheated so outrageously we give up the trip entirely. We are influenced in our decision by the appearance and manner of the men; they are a rough lot, and their reputation is not of the best.

So we spend the night, or part of it, at the inn of Ogulin, lulled to sleep by the perfect quiet of the country town.

THE CAPITAL OF CROATIA

AT THREE in the morning we rise to catch the train for Agram (äh'gräm), the capital of Croatia. We wish to spend a Sunday morning there in order to see the weekly market, which we missed when we passed

through the city on our way from Montenegro to Bosnia. The Agram market is considered the most beautiful in the world. Every village in Croatia sends peasants here to sell fruits and vegetables, and all the people, both men and women, are in white. Upon this white, designs in red or blue are embroidered, in some cases very heavily, in others only as a border or to set off the white, but in every case so as to leave the shade of the snow-flake predominant. The sight of these hundreds on hundreds of people in white, with just enough variety in the ornamentation to prevent monotony, is one we shall never forget. We spend the entire morning among the peasants, beginning the regular sight-seeing only at noon, when they depart for their homes.

A tall church, with a curiously painted rococo roof, at once attracts us, though the interior we find to be very plain. In the shadow of the church is the palace of the *Ban* (bäh'nuss) or Governor of Croatia. The palace is an unpretentious, two-story building, the roof sloping streetward, and the coat of white paint which covers the whole making it resemble some of the taverns in Continental times in our own country. Over the way from this palace is the home of the Croatian Landtag (ländt'täg) or Parliament. This assembly, a stormy body, is now having trouble with Hungary, who, it claims, does not give the Croatians a proper government.

We pass another church with exquisite windows of stained glass, descend a lane, and crossing the old threshold of the city, a gate of ancient bricks and mortar, pass out into beautiful modern Agram, a

city of wide asphalt streets, shaded but slightly by the young trees planted at their sides; of handsome public and business structures; of boulevards and parks and plazas that in many ways remind us of the modern sections of Boston.

Almost all the business houses are three or four stories high, wide, and built in nearly every case of stone, so as to present one impressive facade. Beyond the stores are the residences, likewise in rows, almost all have gardens in the rear, and most of the buildings are rented out in suites of rooms, much like our flats.

The school buildings of Agram, which cluster closely together, are the finest we have seen anywhere in our travels. There are the high school, the weaving-school, the university, and the ordinary schools—all lodged in buildings so fine that the famous Bourse at Paris does not excel them so far as external appearances go.

Close at hand is the Art Muesum, where we see some of the fine paintings by Masic (mä'she-shā), one of Croatia's greatest artists. The one of these which particularly attracts our attention shows a group of little girls in white, seated at play among the wild flowers of the fields. A great pumpkin-vine twines through the flowers to where a hen with her brood of chickens is scratching about, while in the background we see the melon and onions the children have dropped from some basket, and a flock of turkeys gathered around them. The picture contains so much that is distinctly national, and is all so well put together that we stop long to admire it.

We see here the original or Cermak's (ker'mäk)

famous painting of the Montenegrins carrying a fallen leader down the mountain-pass in a litter, and those of us who have made the Little Journey to the Balkans are deeply interested in it.

There are other paintings, and a number of interesting Roman relics, over which we linger. The cap-of-office of the Banus or Governor of Croatia is shown here; it is simply an exaggerated drummer-boy's shako, made of fur, and having an aigrette in the front.

Agram is such a pretty city, with the long chestnut rows shading its residence streets, with its parks and its promenades, that we should imagine the people to be the happiest in Europe. As a matter of fact, however, they are decidedly in ill humor; and as we hear them tell how they are compelled to pay taxes to Hungary, without receiving any benefits therefrom, and of the other wrongs they suffer, we recall at once the causes of our own Revolution, and our blood boils in sympathy for these patriots.

After we have concluded our sight-seeing, by way



ON THE MARKET, AGRAM

of relaxation we take the little one-track horse car out among the alfalfa fields of the country, to Maximilian Park, a summer resort owned by the Archbishop of Agram, where the citizens hold picnics, soldiers' reunions, and the like, and on Sunday the promenaders gather to drink fresh cream or buttermilk and eat clabber, as summer tourists are fond of doing among the dells of Wisconsin.

We are so lucky as to chance on such a picnic, and we are struck with its similarity to a harvest-home in one of our northern states. There are the long booths with eatables, there are the canes for the merry-makers to "ring," and the "nigger babies" to be shot; but, in addition, we see the picnickers gather about bonfires and roast pork chops on long iron bars, which is hardly a popular custom at home, though in a way suggestive of the barbecues of our own South.

There is a little excursion out from Agram to Somo-bor (so'mo-bor), in the grape-cure country, which we enjoy. We go by narrow-gauge and then country bus to the town, which is really a mere village. Arrived there, our way leads up a delightful country road through the woods, to the entrance to the *kur* (kooor) grounds, where we begin the climb of a steep "hill of digestion." In among the trees of a venerable forest we go, past the benches and tables of the grape-eaters, to a chalet at the top of the hill.

Those of us who had no appetite to begin with have one now, and are ready to pay almost any price for the grapes which are offered. If we were patients, come for the cure, we should take so many pounds of the red, the green, and the ordinary blue grapes

between meals, and so many after dinner or supper, at the same time regulating our diet according to whatever complaint we might have. In America folk rather ridicule the grape-cure, but here it has many firm advocates.

From the heights where the grapes are eaten it is an easy walk to an old ruined castle, just like the castles along the Rhine, so we saunter among the remains of the ancient chambers, and climb the turrets, poking into this nook, exploring that, without a soul to say us nay.

GIPSY LAND

RETURNING to Agram, we prepare to continue our journey overland, towards the national capital. Our next stop, at Sissek (siss'seck), will be but a brief one. This village is the center of the gall-nut industry, and between trains we stop off to inspect the warehouses where the gall-nuts, those little products of the oak, are stored for the tanners' call. Otherwise Sissek has but little to interest one. We have seen the place in ten or fifteen minutes, in fact, and so we wander out on a delightful country road, recalling the bluegrass highways of Kentucky, to a castle, which by its shape reminds us of the Norman castles we visited in France. It is fast falling to decay, but we find tenants living in the few remaining rooms into which storm and wind cannot creep.

But the gipsies are what interest us most on this ramble. We remember reading in St. Nicholas many years ago, a little poem about the gipsies, the real "Romany," and when in Rumania found the gipsies



A CROATIAN HOME, NEAR SISSEK

living in such squalor we were sadly disappointed. We felt, in fact, that these people could not be the gipsies of whom we had read so much. Here in Hungary, or better, in Croatia, we meet the genuine gipsy, a dark race, so yellow as to resemble our own mulatto, and with the wild black locks flowing to the wind and the eagle eye of the Indian, but having a more musical voice.

We find the gipsies living in wagons with gay-colored sides, such as pass now and then through our own Middle West, lighting their camp-fires in some sheltered glade, where the happy, though poorly clad and seemingly half-starved women, cook the scanty meals. In the daytime the men chop the trees along the roads,

sawing them up into boards, or fashioning them various-wise, while the women will stop to tell fortunes to the passer, or preferably run after his wagon to beg.

When we get into the Carpathians we shall meet more of the gipsies, and even a wilder branch of the race, and there we shall find them begging for sugar, i. e., money with which to buy sugar or candy. Happy-go-lucky are these people, and when the cold, cruel winter comes to Croatia they will follow the birds southward to the lands of fez and turban.

BUDAPEST THE BEAUTIFUL

FROM Sissek, we continue by rail to Budapest, the national capital of Hungary, and next only to Paris



THE REAL HUNGARIAN GIPSY

and Berlin, the most beautiful city in Europe. We are to spend a good deal of time here, so we go about our sight-seeing in a methodical manner. We find that our guide-book omits certain things we care to see, and lists others we do not, so we shall take a map of the



THE BLUE DANUBE AT BUDAPEST

city, and, starting in one corner, work our way from point to point.

In fact, unless we speak Magyar, we shall have to rely largely on our map. If we ask persons on the street, as politely as we can, in German, to direct us, they will snub us, believing that we are of the hated Austrians. If we ask them in French, they do not understand, and as for English, while a compara-

tively large number of the better class speak our language, such persons must be searched for, and in times of doubt as to the right path are usually not to be found.

In Budapest, moreover, we shall be forced from the outset to rely on ourselves. Curiously enough, at the depot there is not a single hotel omnibus to meet the train, and we have to hail a "cabby" to wheel us away to the hotel of our choice. We find this hotel to be almost American in its equipment, and in every way so much like the big hotels of New York that we feel quite at home.

Our mail has been accumulating for us at this place, because in a journey such as this we never can tell beforehand just how long we shall stay in any one town, our limit being always as long as anything remains to be seen, and so friends have headed us off by mailing everything to Budapest. It takes a long time to read and answer letters when one is traveling far and seeing much, and we are busied with ours until the supper hour.

Then we go out to our first real Magyar supper. The chief feature of the meal is, of course, *gyulas* (gōō'lāsh), the national dish. *Gyulas* is any meat—preferably beef, but often lamb or chicken—boiled with mangoes and red peppers until it is a soft mass, and we find it very palatable indeed.

We eat supper on the broad pavement in front of one of the cafés beside the Danube. In fact, all the time we are in Budapest we shall never eat indoors unless the weather prove inclement. Every café has tables upon these wide pavements, often surrounded by little



RESIDENCE STREET IN BUDAPEST, THE "CHICAGO OF EUROPE"

hedges of boxwood or myrtle and shielded by awnings from the broiling sun. Here the Hungarians come, not so much to eat as to read over the great files of papers of all Europe that are always kept on hand, and to meet their friends and indulge in a quiet hour's chat. They do not eat and run, as do we; supper lasts far into the evening.

In those cafés music is furnished by gipsy bands, whose members do not, however, belong to the nomad race we met at Sissek, but are of another "stem," as the Magyars put it. We wish to hear the real gipsy music, and so we go to the best café, expecting, of course, to have it there. The band is excellent and the music well rendered, but "Teasing," and "Hia-

watha," and "Under the Bamboo Tree" are the airs we hear, for our American "rag-time" has penetrated to the heart of Europe and is driving out the national songs everywhere.

Our sight-seeing begins in the heart of Budapest, in the shopping district. We walk up an elegant boulevard lined with tall buildings five to seven stories high. Handsome stores occupy the ground floor of these buildings, while in the upper stories are apartments in which people live. The sidewalks are broad and there is a parkway down the middle of the street, with the electric cars on either side. In this park feature Budapest reminds us at once of Boston.

As we turn into the Andrassy Strasse (än-dräss-ē sträss'ā), the finest boulevard and most important highway in the city, we notice that while all the stores of course have their signs and advertisements in the Magyar, a very large number have them in English also—this owing to the army of English and American tourists who visit Budapest each year.

Along the Andrassy Strasse, or, as the Magyars would say, Andrassy Uhlica (ōō'lē-kä), the stores in which novelties are sold attract us. We notice a music dealer's window and step in to look over his wares. As we enter, the opening door plays a strain of sacred music that puts us in a mood to buy almost anything we may be urged to take. We see little key-rings with a set of three keys, which prove on inspection to be a knife, a file, and a pencil, respectively; and only twenty cents for the lot. Near by is a miniature Tatra (tä'trá) Mountain hat, which hides an ink-well. We pick up a tiny pistol, and pull the trigger; a pencil comes out.

For some future Little Journey into lands where we must camp out, a handy tool is offered us—a knife, seemingly, but one which comes apart and contains table-knife, fork, and spoon, penknife, corkscrew, and scissors, all in one.

As we leave the store, a magnate, one of the Hungarian nobility, dashes by in his landau, the driver and footman wearing his ancestral livery. Baggage-bearers in uniform, with whom the streets are filled, stand aside, and the innumerable hand-cart pushers make way for him.

At a corner below the Opera House, which is closed at this season, we find a curious and very helpful establishment, bearing the sign of "Touristry Bureau." This is an office operated under the supervision of the government, to assist tourists in finding out what is worth seeing in Hungary—how to reach certain places, and when to go—and at the same time insure their comfort. In addition, this bureau has the sale of native works of art, and when one buys from it he knows that the object comes from the exact place from which it is claimed to come, and that it is not the product of a factory, as too many of the souvenirs we buy from peasants elsewhere prove to be. As a result, the store of the bureau is a perfect museum of the native wares of Hungary, and we linger long before the cases of peasant needlework, pottery, and carving. Not far from the bureau are the headquarters of Uncle Sam in Hungary, the American Consulate-General, where our representative, Mr. Chester, has charge. If King Francis Joseph were in town and we wished to be presented to him, we should have to apply

to Mr. Chester, who is the next thing to an ambassador, and, in fact, would be an ambassador if our country could recognize Austria and Hungary as two separate nations.

We drop in upon Mr. Chester, and we are interested in asking him about Americans in Budapest. He tells us that American wares of many sorts are sold here, from hardware and typewriters down to shoe-polish and flypaper. As we continue our tour of the stores of Budapest we see abundant evidence of the truth of the statement, for down near the Danube, where the parliament houses loom up over the river, and the great bridges span the stream, there are little shops among the trees on the quay (like those we found along the Seine at Paris), and here everything that can possibly be made to bear an American label is styled an American product.

In a dim two-story arcade, where flower-venders congregate, we stop to look over the toy-stores, but there are no toys here different from those at home; in fact, our old friend "Robinson Crusoe" is here, and American lawn-tennis balls are offered for sale. The jewelry shops, however, have their charms, for there the specialty is of mother-of-pearl, and we see locketts containing twelve circlets, each with one of the signs of the zodiac worked upon it, that sorely tempt our purses.

It is twelve o'clock, and the shutters are being pulled down before all the stores, for everybody stops work for the noon-hour. Only here and there is anything left open for us, and we rely for our sight-seeing on the peddlers of post-cards, who have novelties of every sort. A favorite Magyar insult is to call a man

a "straw-head," and so there are cards of curious people with heads of real straw under celluloid covers, to be sent for a joke.

We watch the crowd surging by, and it appears to us most cosmopolitan. Among the men there seems to be a special hobby for gray felt hats. The children, as we see them on their way to school, are dressed in more sober colors than our little ones wear. Often several little girls will be dressed exactly alike, though probably not related, but only close friends. Customs here differ from ours more than costumes. When two ladies meet, each kisses the other's hand. A gentleman, meeting a lady of his acquaintance, kisses the back of her hand. When two gentlemen meet, they take off their hats to each other, and should a man or boy of our party forget this on meeting a Hungarian acquaintance on the street, the carelessness would be taken as an insult.

We are astonished by the number of carriages that pass, and by the swarms of newsboys everywhere. The many trackless street cars are another surprise to us. We follow the passing throng down to the river bank, where stands the Academy—a handsome three-story sandstone pile, facing a park in which is the statue of one of the patriots of Hungary. Across the park from the Academy is a small, three-story hotel, with the palace of the Count of Koburg for neighbor. Beyond are the Police Headquarters, and one of the large public baths of the city, while to the south we see the Chamber of Commerce, with a statue of Deak, the author, before it.

This is the usual starting-point for the sight-seer in

the city, and from here we follow the Franz Josef quay up among the cafés beneath the trees. Along here an electric car line has been built almost directly above the river, a huge wall descending sheer from the track to the wharves. The Danube here is muddy in color,



A FIREMEN'S DRILL IN BUDAPEST

and only on the rarest days, the loungers tell us, does it deserve the name "Blue Danube."

As we proceed up the banks, we have Ofen, the imperial suburb, across the river, on our right, while on the left great apartment houses stretch to the Redoubten (rā-doot'en) Buildings, a sort of armory facing a park, in which is one of the popular outdoor cafés. A few more steps and we are at the Place of the

Oath, where Franz Joseph took the oath as King of Hungary. When Hungary secedes from Austria, as there is great likelihood of her doing very shortly, this tiny park surrounded by tall buildings will probably be the center of interest for the entire world.

We have but to cross a street to the City Hall of Budapest, and its beautiful frescoed ceilings, its heavily gilded woodwork, and the great bronze gratings before the doors recall some of the old mediæval town-halls we saw in Germany. Beyond is the market, where the wares of the peasants are sheltered by big white umbrellas, and then the suspension bridge crossing the Danube to Ofen. The river at this point reminds us of the St. Clair, because of its grain-boats—long, flat monsters that bring up the grain from the Rumanian and Bulgarian fields, and deposit it in handsome warehouses and elevators here.

Beyond rise other magnificent buildings of buff brick set in little parks, and it is with astonishment we learn that these constitute the city slaughter houses, for Budapest operates its own butchering business, or requires the butcher to come here to do his slaughtering, and the institution is one of the famous ones of the world. Passing through these slaughter houses we are surprised at the number of Cape buffaloes in the pens, for in Hungary the flesh of these animals takes the place of beef to a large extent.

We have now reached the upper end of the city. We return by another route to Andrassy Street, where, in the center of a wide boulevard, a policeman sits motionless on his horse the day through, an unforgettable feature to the Budapest promenaders.

JOTTINGS FROM OUR DIARY

We have many odd things to jot down in our note-books during our stay in Budapest. Going out one morning, we find all stores and shops closed, and learn that it is a Saint's day. In spite of this fact, bill-posters go about distributing hand-bills of an American Wild West Show. We wander in the direction of the circus, and come on a religious procession, one of those held in seasons of drought by congregations of certain churches, who parade the streets, carrying church banners and emblems, and singing their hymns as they go. For a moment the procession is stopped, and one of the immense Budapest moving-wagons, resembling a huge whaleback boat, and capable of carrying the furnishings of an entire house, crosses the street.

As we pause at a corner, we notice a little girl buying a bouquet of asters from a street vender; for children here often spend their pocket-money on flowers—a thing our American children seldom do. At one place a sign indicating cures by the Finsen and Roentgen rays, interests us, as one of the very latest things in the medical line. Outside the Peoples' Theater we see some peasants who have come to town lounging about, the women in short black flowered skirts, and blue aprons bordered in red. These women wear no shoes and stockings, and as we pass they are cooling their feet in the streams of water from the firemen's hose. For the streets here are sprinkled thus twice a day; hence the wonderful cleanliness of Budapest.

We find little in the east end of the city to interest us but the huge depot, with the statue of Barocs in the park at its side. Barocs was the man who made the Hungarian railways famous for what is known as the Zone System. He divided up the fares in Hungary so that no matter how far one travels, he does not pass through more than three zones. For any distance in the first belt, whether it be a mile or a dozen miles from the starting-point, one pays a given amount; for any point in the second belt, again so much, and for any point in the third there is another fixed price. In this way the cost of traveling in Hungary is reduced to a minimum.

THE CEMETERY

Not far from this depot is the Kerepest Cemetery, one of the city's sights. Graves here do not lie under the sod, for the ground of the cemetery is barren, but each grave is marked by a square mound, perhaps six inches high, from the center of which there rises another hillock, possibly three feet in height, both of these mounds having grass on their sides and flowers on the top. In addition, at every grave there stands a wrought-iron lantern, on a pole possibly sixty inches high. These lanterns are lit on what corresponds to All Saints' Day—a feast celebrated here on the first of October, when everyone flocks to the graveyard.

To us Americans, the first interest is the grave of Kossuth, Kossuth Ferenz, they call him here, for in Hungary the last name is always put first. (This fact accounts for the large number of Mr. Janoses, or Jameses, we at first believed to be in town, judging

from the signs and advertisements.) Kossuth's grave consists of possibly a half-dozen very broad steps of stone, meant, perhaps, to be topped at some time with a statue, and the whole surrounded by an iron railing. A new mausoleum, somewhat resembling Grant's tomb, is being erected now for Kossuth, the money coming from contributions collected by the newspapers all over the country.

Where two of the cemetery roadways cross, we come upon a plain, half-neglected mound, without stone of any sort, and we pause, for here lies the great Hungarian novelist Jokai. All the time we are in Hungary we shall hear so much of the case of Maurus Jokai that we had best learn the story at once.

Jokai endeared himself to the Hungarian people by both his poetry and his dramas, but more particularly by his historical novels of Magyar life, most of which have been translated into every language, while not a few are given the students of European history in our own universities to read. That this writer was esteemed by others than his own people is shown by the fact that when he celebrated his fiftieth birthday, not so very many years ago, kings and emperors sent him gold and silver wreaths and other testimonials.

In his later life, after the death of his first wife, Jokai began writing plays, and it was while directing the staging of one of his dramas that he fell in love with a young actress of the capital and married her. Immediately there began to be circulated all sorts of stories of the young wife's cruelty to the poor old man; it was even said that when she was angry she would turn him out of the house, hungry and ill. The Hun-

garian people grew indignant, but out of regard for the author's feelings nothing was done. Soon it was seen that he was declining, and not long ago he died, of a broken heart, very probably.

Then the storm broke out, and there has followed between Jokai's sympathizers and those of his wife what is known as a pamphlet war. Each party prints pamphlets for free or very cheap distribution, giving its side of the story, and then answering the latest facts brought out by their opponents. This war is now on in Hungary, and in every bookshop we find matter concerning the Jokai case.

We meet Mrs. Jokai, and find her a charming young woman, who cries when she tells of the wrong that has been done her. She shows us the poems her husband wrote about her, and lets us look over his books and his keepsakes.

A BUDAPEST RESORT

From the cemetery we go through the heart of the "Chicago of Europe," a section of Budapest which is so termed by its citizens because of the vast number of well-built apartment houses all enclosing courts, off which are small shops that we should never suspect to exist in what appear to be residences pure and simple.

Beyond this district, we come to the Stadt-Waldchen (stät-vält'chen), one of the pleasure resorts of Budapest. Lawns and fountains are shaded by fine old sycamores, which meet overhead, and benches are scattered about, that the people may rest and lounge. Peddlers of every sort are here, from little girls selling

queer brown toy monkeys, to Salvation Army singers, who have for sale the literature of their order.

Surrounded by gorgeous beds of dahlias, coleus, and begonias, there is a series of buildings of exceptional interest to us as tourists. These were a part of the last exposition of Budapest, and have been allowed to remain standing, as examples of the architecture of Hungary at various periods in her history, the whole recalling at once "Old Paris," built along the Seine during the last French exposition. Here, too, is the statue of Anonymous, the bronze figure of a seated man, his face hidden in a hood. Anonymous was the Venerable Bede of Hungary, leaving notes on her history of incalculable value to the student of early times, but signing these only by that title.

Restaurants where gipsy bands play; a lake on which in the winter some four thousand people skate; colored fountains, art museums, and the Millenium Monument help to make the park attractive. At the farther end, the subway cars come out from the ground, just as they do at one point in the public gardens in Boston.

To return to our hotel we take a seat on the top of one of the busses that are so popular with the Budapesters, and which are almost as numerous in this section of the city as they are in Paris. In the evening we drop into the Café New York, the finest of the many cafés in the city, and watch the Magyars enjoying their beverage—coffee. Almost as great coffee-toppers as the Turks are these Hungarians, but here "milk-coffee" (coffee diluted with an equal quantity of milk) is what most people drink. As we overhear the conversation of the politicians and the journalists

in their respective corners here, we find Austria to be the one subject of discussion. We hear so much talk of the wrongs Hungary suffers and of the misdeeds committed by her fellow in the dual yoke, that we grow to feel that to be linked with Austria must be a hard fate indeed.

THE ROYAL PALACES

Another day we devote to Ofen, crossing the Danube on one of the magnificent bridges and then by a serpentine road climbing the hills on which the palaces are built. We might make the ascent in an elevator, such as is to be found in south Ohio. As we mount the hills, the lower section of Ofen, the Danube, and Pesth, with its academy and parliament buildings and domes and spires, and below, the curve in the river, all unfold into one charming bird's-eye view, and we feel that the climb is well worth while, if only for this.

Passing the Ministries, which correspond to the offices of our executive departments, and in which there is nothing for us to see, we reach the palace, the Hungarian residence of the Hapsburgs. For block upon block there stretch magnificent buildings of marble and sandstone, some with terraced gardens, into which we may peep through ornamented gratings, and others closed to the sight-seer, and with guards in showy uniforms all about. The dome over the king's residence is surmounted by a crown that is visible for miles up and down the river.

The streets between these buildings are well paved, and clean as those in any park in the United States, and there are police at every hand to prevent the

slightest misdemeanor. The Ministries and the archbishop's palace, the coronation church, and the sentry barracks, are all built to form one magnificent whole that is tantalizing because of the "No Admittance" signs that stare one in the face. Elsewhere in Budapest soldiers are conspicuous by their absence.

From the palaces we saunter on to a café built on these heights because of the magnificent view of the Lower Danube which they command, and here the people of the capital gather at sunset to dine and wine and enjoy the panorama of city and river, and low, flat Hungarian plain.

AWAY FROM BEATEN PATHS

As ill-luck will have it, the Hungarian parliament is not in session in the summer. We visit the great parliament buildings on the Danube, but find the session chambers much like those we have seen elsewhere in Europe. It is in the members of this assembly that we are interested; we are told that when they become excited in debate they rise from their desks and shout wildly at one another, shaking their fists and raving like madmen. Only the leaders seem able to take things coolly. Of order there is none; one man speaks and others chime in; members of the opposition hoot and hiss; while those of the speaker's party applaud. How the stenographers are able to keep the faintest sort of record of what is really said on the floor is a mystery.

Since it is impossible for us to witness this interesting spectacle, we plan a little side excursion up into the Carpathians, as a change from the monotony of city

sight-seeing. These mountains, we remember, are the scene of many of Jokai's stories, so we are especially interested in visiting them.

To begin with, we have a railway ride of some hundred and seventy miles from Budapest to Kassa (kăsh'ă), out through the grain lands, the rolling Hungarian prairies, where only an occasional white-walled, red-roofed village, or a hedge or locust tangle, breaks the endless rolling surface of the earth. At Kassa we change cars for Poprad (pōp'răt), the center for the summer-resort country of the Hohe Tatra (hō'ă tă'trä) Mountains.

On this latter part of the journey we meet with one of the natural phenomena of Hungary—the fields



A BUDAPEST GENTLEMAN AND HIS WIFE IN THE HOHE TATRA

sloping up the ever-rising mountains in stretches of brown and yellow and green, but with a peculiar velvety effect such as we have seen nowhere else in the world. So beautiful is this play of colors on what seem to be terraces of the mountain sides, that we pay little heed to anything else, even neglecting the peasants in their gaudy costumes, at the stations. We do notice, however, that most of the men of this region are dressed completely in blue, save for the long sleeves of a white shirt projecting through the vest and a black slouch hat, worn well down on the head.

We are exceedingly surprised, on arriving at Poprad, to find every one speaking, not Magyar, but German—the more so after the way we had been treated at the capital when we made use of German. The explanation lies in the fact that this whole region is not Magyar, but Saxon, the people being descendants of Saxons who were called in here by one of the early Hungarian kings to assist him in repelling an invasion. They were then given land and settled here, and their descendants retain their language and customs. There are in all sixteen Saxon towns, known as the Zips cities, and they are almost as independent as the old free cities.

Poprad, the map informs us, lies at the kernel of the Hohe Tatra, the highest of the Carpathian Mountains. In the last few years the summer tourists have been coming into these mountains, being encouraged to do so through the efforts of an association formed by the people of all these towns, who see to it that guides do not overcharge or hotels worst the stranger, and in many ways add to one's comfort.



PEASANTS OF SIEBENBURGEN (TRANSYLVANIA)

From our rooms in the hotel we see the mountains, with the clouds about them, inviting us to come and explore. Before accepting the invitation we dine on true mountain fare, mushrooms and venison, until we have satisfied the most violent longings any of us may have had for either of these dainties.

As we venture forth to see the little town, we are struck by the intensely German character of the place. The old men smoke curved German pipes, the children play as German children do, and even the signs on the doors are in German. We watch the little ones skipping rope, and learn of their day's work. In season, all the children go out into the mountains to gather bark and herbs and simples, from which are com-

pounded delicious mountain drinks and specialties unknown to the rest of Europe. Berries likewise are brought in and put up by the peasants.

Our sight-seeing begins at the town museum, where are preserved specimens of the flora and fauna of the region. Foxes and squirrels, eagles and hedgehogs, are grouped together with relics of the Stone Age and the Iron Age in a medley that is more picturesque than scientific. A bird whose feathers are sky blue, changing to violet, attracts our attention especially, and we are also interested in the Alpine butterflies, small though most of them are.

From Poprad we go for a delightful drive out into the Hohe Tatra to the Ice Cavern. This drive is one of the most beautiful we have ever taken. The road winds through dense and virgin forests, broken only here and there by lumber camps, where strange-looking, simple-hearted Slavoks—with long, tangled hair emerging from hats so broad-brimmed as to remind us of those of the Spanish toreadors—are at work cutting the trees into lumber. When we stop at an inn it is to find ourselves beset by the gipsies—not the picturesque gipsies of Sissek, but a dirtier, even wilder race, whose little ones follow our carriage for miles, slapping their faces until the tears start, to enlist our pity and induce us to give them “sugar.”

The peasant women of the little hamlets en route take our fancy, for they are one blaze of pink; dress and head-kerchief and stockings (when any are worn) are all of a beautiful roseate hue, that is as characteristic of the region as lavender is of Bucarest and white is of Agram.

The Ice Cavern, too, is a curiosity worthy of our attention. For centuries the people of this region had noticed that the ice seemed to linger longer here in the spring than elsewhere, but no especial attention was paid to the fact. Some few decades ago, however, a gentleman set out to investigate, with the result that he came on an immense cavern, which apparently was completely filled with ice. An entrance was cut into this great mine of frozen water, and within the mass of ice there were discovered huge bubbles, so large as to form rooms.

Through the ice chambers we are taken. In order to prevent people from slipping, a wooden walk has been laid over the ice, with steps leading from one "bubble"



THE PINK COSTUMES OF THE ZIPS COUNTRY

up or down into the next, and there is a railing to which we may cling. The strange part about the cavern is that every summer, as the sun's heat penetrates the earth, a certain amount of the ice melts, but in the winter the loss is mysteriously replaced, though not from without, and so in the ages the cave has been neither filled nor emptied; in fact, so permanent is it that arc-lights have been placed in the larger chambers. In winter people from all Hungary come to the cavern to skate on its frozen floors.

After our visit to the cave we have luncheon at a typical Magyar mountain hotel, built in the Swedish style, with broad shaded verandas, from the steps of which tempting little paths lead off into the wildwood. The dining-room is decorated with antlers and mounted deers' heads, as are some of the rooms in our own White Mountain hotels, and here we enjoy venison fresh from the forest.

We return to Poprad by a roundabout way, in order to pass through Blumenthal (bloom'en-täl), a hamlet of neat cottages and a little church, set in a great mountain meadow, with tall blue peaks towering all around. Some of us who years ago were readers of *Belford's Annual for Young Folks* recall a delightful little love story, "The Merry Bells of Blumenthal," about a young Saxon of this village who went out to seek his fortune while his sweetheart remained behind, keeping house for the old pastor. Blumenthal is just such a place as the story describes, and we would fain linger here.

Returning to Poprad, we start for another section of the Austro-Hungarian summerland. We are to visit

the three Schmecks cities, mountain summer resorts closely resembling our own in the Alleghenies. In a curious electric car, having no track, but furnished with heavy rubber tires and operated by means of a trolley connecting with wires strung along one side of the road, we are carried up a country turnpike filled with hay-wagons and truck-gardeners' carts and wandering peddlers, to Old Schmecks.

There are Old Schmecks, New Schmecks, and Lower Schmecks, the three forming what is practically one town, and we feel as though we were on a sort of vacation jaunt in the midst of our *Little Journey* as we wander among the fountains and the gardens, the lovers' lanes leading through the forests to belvederes commanding wide mountain views, and the booths where are displayed tempting hand-carved souvenirs, and the like. If we wished, we might indulge in curious mountain-baths—pine-needle baths, the water of which is a deep, dark brown, a tea, as it were, brewed of pine needles; and cone baths, and any number of others.

Once more we return to Poprad, and there take the train to Csorba (tschor'bä), which is much like the Schmecks resorts. The ride is an exceedingly short one, and it seems but a few moments before we are deposited at the foot of the cog railway which makes the ascent to the Csorba See (sā), one of the famous Magyar lakes. We are now in the heart of the mountains, and our companions are all people who are prepared to "rough it." Men with knapsacks on their shoulders, and bearing stout alpenstocks, women in short skirts, or even bloomers, guides and porters, are

our fellow-passengers in the car. All of them are bent on scaling the peaks, and we, too, shall have a taste of mountain-climbing. The cog ends at the Lake of Csorba, enclosed on every side by tremendous granite mountains, without sign of vegetation and with broad patches of snow everywhere. It gives us a thrill of delight to look up at these peaks.

We saunter among the government hotels on this beautiful upland lake, and then follow a little forest path into the wilderness, mile on mile, to the Popper (pō'per) See. It grows dark as we ascend ever higher into the mountains, and only the light of the moon, filtering through the trees, and in the denser glades the trusty alpenstock, enable us to pick the path. As we go on and on, the increasing altitude makes itself felt, and our breath comes shorter, and we tire more and more easily. The frogs are singing on the shore of the lake among the peaks, when a light far ahead reveals our goal, the little hotel of the Popper See.

We spend the night here, at the last civilized point on the heights. Just at bed-time a storm comes up suddenly, and as the spray of the waves dashes against our windows, which overhang the water, and we hear the mountain wind roaring through the bending pines, we think of "William Tell," and the tempest on the lake in the Swiss mountains, as described by Schiller.

We rise early next morning, for we are to ascend the Meerauger Spitze (mare'ow-ger'spit-sā), one of the giant peaks of the Carpathians. Armed only with bags of eatables, on our backs, our cameras, and alpenstocks, we begin the ascent. From the starting-point the peak seems so near that we hardly believe the

guides when they tell us we shall be many hours reaching it. We tread first grassy meadows; then areas where only a peculiar lichen makes green and, in fading, brown, the mountain sides; and finally a land of rocks, reminding us of parts of Mammoth Cave by its jumble of boulders.

We reach the peak on which our eyes have been fixed, only to find it is but a side spur of the Meer-auger, after all, and that we must descend to another lake, the Frog Lake (so named for a rock on its shore which resembles a sitting frog), far below; then begin our climb again.

On the next ascent we go slowly—oh, so slowly! Every step is too much for us, and we are very thirsty, but the guides will not hear of our drinking from the clear, icy brooks flowing down from the snow at our side. Nor will they allow us to wet our parched lips with the snow at our side, claiming that to do so would do our lungs irreparable injury. And so we go on, and on, and on!

Towards the last the task becomes almost too much for us. It is a hand-over-hand climb, over boulders, along narrow ledges of rock, up and down, in and out, and roundabout, until we vow that what pleasure people can find in climbing mountains we fail to see.

Ever and anon we pause to watch the chamois, running in herds on opposite cliffs, or standing up against the sky on the very tip of a crag, and uttering their peculiar cry. The view is growing more and more gorgeous, as the sun shines on the mountains all about. Finally we reach the summit, and the entire panorama is unfolded. Everywhere below us are the peaks, and,



NEAR THE ISKER PASS, OUT OF TRANSYLVANIA

on one hand, we are actually looking down into Poland.

While we lunch here on the mountain-top, we can enjoy the spectacle, the clouds playing on the peaks—now uncovering one and shrouding the next, now revealing an unsuspected range or chain, and then again turning to fog and gossamer and rising up to our feet, so that below us there is only vacancy.

From a height of 2,503 meters above the sea we begin the descent, and it is much more rapid than was the upward climb. As we go down, the air grows denser and we tire less easily; we may drink now, too, at every brook; and so, strange to say, our strength returns, and when the base of the mountain

is again reached, we are almost as fresh as when we started upward, long hours ago. Our Hungarian friends make musical this ride by songs, and to our surprise the tune of one of these is our own "John Brown's Body," which, it seems, is really a national air of theirs.

From the top of the Meerauger Spitze, back via the Popper See, the Lake of Csorba, Csorba town, and Poprad, to Budapest is a long retracing of steps, but we enjoy it thoroughly, for we need not be bothered now with taking notes or watching for "catches" for our cameras, while things which interest us most can be fixed more firmly in our memories by a second glance.

Where to go from Budapest is a question to be debated. Again, the immensity of the Austro-Hungarian Empire confronts us—this, and the fact that, whichever way we go, we shall have to make a long retracing of our route, in order to see other sections. There is the Danube, with the lands of fez and turban just below to tempt us, and the whistle of the boats, ready to take us on to Rumania and Servia, to Bulgaria, and, if we will, almost to the Black Sea, stirs every drop of nomad blood left in our veins from distant ancestors, and urges us to explore.

TRANSYLVANIA

WE CANNOT, however, leave Franz Josef's land as yet, and so we go on eastward into Transylvania—or, as the natives call it, Siebenburgen (see'ben-bür'g'en). This is Jokai's land, and those of us who have read "The Golden Age in Siebenburgen," "Among the

Wild Carpathians," and others of his stories are exceedingly anxious to see this province of mystery and glamour.

Our first peep, however, disappoints us. We stop off at Klausenburg (klow'sen-bōōrg), because we have been told it is a typical Magyar town. We do not doubt the truth of the statement, after having seen the place, and do not care to waste time in any other of the sort. Long rows of sandstone houses, set side by side, with the roofs sloping streetward, and a few trees here and there, sun-baked asphalt avenues, a little park, a church,



SAXON TOWN HALL, TRANSYLVANIA

and a few large public buildings, and we have seen the entire city. In fact, even between trains, we cannot find enough to occupy our time, and drop into the café of the "Hotel New York" to read over the papers in order to make the hours pass more agreeably.

Going from Klausenburg to Kronstadt is like passing from this prosaic old world of ours into a fairy city, a

dear old German town made up of little painted houses and curious old rathskeller (rähts'kël-ler), and a town church in the middle of the main square. In this square women sell gingerbread men and candy boys, and the chimney-sweep calls and the pretzel-vender cries his wares. Here and there the upper stories of the gabled houses project, and there is heavy timber, quaintly carved, set into the eaves, while below hang swinging flower urns, or there is a portico filled with "green things." Beyond the town tower the mountains, the Carpathians, beautiful, too, with their fading heather and the beach forests turned to brown and gold; and looking up the road to where a little bridge spans a mountain stream, one can readily imagine



NEAR BRENNENDORF, THE CITY OF BEETS

himself back in the Transylvania of the time of robber-knights and barons and feudal obligations.

From Kronstadt we make an interesting excursion countryward to Brenndorf, the town of beets. On every hand, as far as the eye can see, run long, seemingly endless, rows of beets. Here men and women and children are busy gathering the vegetables, first into great heaps, where other workers cut the leaves from the bulbs, and then taking them off in ox-carts to the sugar refinery, where the famous beet-sugar of Brenndorf is made. The sugarmakers, however, are not an obliging folk, and aside from a glance at the immense buildings stretching along either side the road, we cannot hope to see much of the sugar industry.

Again we turn back on our route, returning to Kronstadt, then to the Magyar capital, where we go up the Danube to Vienna, the capital of Austria.

VIENNA

VIENNA is one of the most beautiful cities in the world. Its especial pride is the famous Ringstrasse, following the line of the old city fortifications, and today a magnificent boulevard. The Ringstrasse is about two miles long, and possibly two hundred feet wide. It has a promenade in the center, flanked by trees, while either side is bordered by the handsomest buildings, taken as a whole, in the Empire.

Cafés like those at Budapest are scattered along the Ringstrasse and the narrow streets leading from it, and we find metropolitan life here much as it is in the other great centers of Europe, except that the Austrians are the most affable, most courteous people in the world,



IMPERIAL PALACE VIENNA

so that in a journey through their land one is spared the little indignities which travelers suffer elsewhere, and which cause visitors to leave a place before they have really seen all it offers them.

Sight-seeing in Vienna usually starts with St. Stefan's Church, one of the most magnificent houses of worship in Europe; and is continued on to the Graben (grä'ben), now the heart of the shopping district of the city, but a center of town life almost as far back as the thirteenth century, when the Hapsburg line first established its seat at Vienna, and taking its name from the old moat which prior to that time occupied the site. Of the old buildings on the Graben, but few remain for our inspection; but here is a monument to

commemorate the cessation of the plague, around which, until not so many years ago, town markets were held. This monument interests us for its peculiar conception of figures among the clouds.

As at Budapest, our sight-seeing includes a shopping excursion, and we are interested in noting the various Russia leather articles for sale. There are purses, shopping-bags, knife cases, and the like, that make us wish we had an unlimited amount of pocket-money to spend on souvenirs for our friends.

THE HAPSBURG PALACES

Of course, we wish to see the Royal palaces, but after having visited Ofen the beautiful, we join with the Magyars in wondering why it is that Franz Josef prefers the dingy, dilapidated Hofburg of Vienna to the beautiful home built for him over the Danube, farther down stream. Aside from statuary on the front and the historical associations of the



IN THE AUSTRIAN EMPEROR'S HOME

Palace, which has cradled this family of Austrian monarchs since twelve hundred and something, there is really nothing to make the palace seem better than the

palazzios of the higher classes of nobility of poverty-stricken, dirty Italy.

Natural history museums, and a library containing some four hundred thousand volumes, are open for inspection, and we spend considerable time over the great collection of wood-cuts (possibly three hundred thousand in all) which are shown in the latter.

Those of us who visited the Sultan's treasury at Constantinople are anxious to see the royal treasury of Austria, and an impressive sight it is. One enters a hall hung with gorgeous robes of the imperial heralds since the time when the Empire was young, then passes by the collection of royal orders, and finally reaches the jewels themselves. The collection of which they are a part ranges in variety and date from the crown, scepter, and robes of Charlemagne down to those of Franz Josef. Diamonds and rubies and emeralds are everywhere, and especially showy is one order—that of the Golden Fleece—in which, we are told by the guide, not less than a hundred and fifty diamonds are set.

Passing the Court Theater, we make our way to the Prater (*prä-ter*), of which we have heard so much. The Prater has been a park for some eight centuries, but for only a little over a hundred years have people other than the nobility been allowed to enter it. Nowadays it is given over to merriment; there are little dumb-shows, venders and fakirs, cafés and restaurants on every hand. So gay is the scene here that we linger long, taking supper in the park, and spending the evening in quiet enjoyment.

Vienna still has much to detain us. There is a

votive church, built in thanks for the Emperor's escape from death at the hands of an assassin. The building faces a plaza, or, as the Viennese say, *Platz*, named for Maximilian, whose home at Miramar we visited. From this plaza it is not far to the great Viennese stock exchange, the scene of the celebrated panic of a quarter of a century ago. Both the church and the stock exchange, however, interest us chiefly for their handsome exteriors, and to see them does not require more than a few moments in passing. The Opera House is another of the great structures of the city, built to accommodate some three thousand people, and at a cost roughly estimated at six million *gulden*. The university and the parliament houses likewise are architectural models of their sort.



GRAND OPERA HOUSE, VIENNA



PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, VIENNA

Vienna, however, is a metropolis, and big cities, we have found, are very, very much alike the world over. The streets here, fine as they are, are tiring to our feet; the hum and thrum and bustle is more wearying than is sight-seeing in a smaller place, and we should be happy indeed to get back among the peasants. We make an ascent of the Kalenberg (kä'len-bërg), the great pleasure garden on a bluff, for a final view of Vienna, and then prepare to leave.

A JAUNT INTO THE TYROL

WE ARE anxious for a taste of the genuine Teuton life of Austria, and so we hie us westward to the Tyrol, a land of mountains again—a summer-land of hotels and drives and belvederes. We shall make Innsbruck, the ancient capital, our headquarters, and from here go on various excursions.

At Innsbruck we see soldiers everywhere. As we are taking a stroll before breakfast, we suddenly note that all the people on the street are removing their hats. Then a landau dashes by, accompanied by four mounted orderlies in white



HOFER MONUMENT, NEAR INNSBRUCK

uniforms trimmed with red, and a bystander explains that the carriage contains a high officer of the garrison. Others of the soldiers wear a blue-gray suit, much like those of our mail carriers at home, with a band of red about the arm and one of green at the neck, to which is added a cap of gray, bearing a green tassel which hangs down upon the shoulder. Prettier still are the dark green caps with cock feathers all about, worn by another branch of the service.

This is an interesting town. On every hand rise large old dwellings, without a sign of a yard, but often made picturesque by paintings—floral and other designs—upon the walls facing the street, done in the gayest colors. Women wearing spotless white waists, black-braided corsages, dark skirts, and broad black hats, come out of the doorways, making their way past the Rathhaus, a modern building, to the Hofkirche

(hōf'keerch-ā), or church attended by the royal court when it is in Innsbruck. If we should follow them at this time we should not be able to do much sight-seeing beyond catching a glimpse of the Hofer Monument erected to the memory of the Tyrolese patriot, of whose deeds we have often read, for at mass the church is crowded. So we ramble on past the university and arsenal, and the royal residence, which is closed to sight-seers, and into the delightful public park, enclosed by gratings, in which old sycamores, elms, and lindens and chestnuts throw a grateful shade on the promenade among the fountains and the flower-beds.

A street-car comes along, marked "For Hall in Tyrol," and we jump aboard. The car is not like our surface street cars, but more like the elevated railway trains of New York and Boston—four cars, in series, drawn by an old-fashioned dummy engine. We are carried through the prettier part of Innsbruck, and we are amazed to see that the very ancient custom of putting those gay color patterns on house exteriors, which has been dropped for centuries, is again in vogue; where a house is nearing completion, the decorators are already busy.

Beyond the town rise the barren, snow-capped mountains, with the wild little Inn River running at their base. Pretty gardens in which grow tiger lilies and roses and callas border the stream, behind peak-roofed homes, only the upper story of each having a porch, and that shaded by a shutter-like screen. The royal salt-works and the great woolen-mills are here on the outskirts, representing the principal industries of Innsbruck.

Returning, we cannot resist the temptation of dropping into one of the great beer-gardens, where the military bands play their liveliest and gaiety prevails. The beer-gardens are a distinct feature of life in this land, it must be remembered, just as cafés are characteristic of

Budapest. Over the beer, men plot and plan business and politics; over the beer their wives arrange parties and the affairs of the home; over the beer lovers meet and students quarrel, duels are fixed, and disagreements patched



ONE OF THE PAINTED HOUSES

up; in fact, everything that makes up the hum and thrum of existence goes on here. If we watch the younger men carefully, especially those whose cheeks bear scars received in duels and who wear little round caps that mark them as students, and, as such, members of particular corps or associations, we shall find them indulging in drinking-contests to see who can drink the most glasses of beer.

In the afternoon we drive out into the real Tyrol, among the quaint, German-speaking peasantry of the "back-country." The vehicle in which we go is a

plain mountain hack, and we are driven into the mountains almost at once. An old ruin, a counterpart of the robber castles of the Rhine, rises on one of the lower peaks, and then man's hand has no further part in the scene, for we enter the wilderness.

Mighty mountains, covered with evergreen forests, are all about us, the wild flowers growing at their feet, beautiful as only mountain flowers can be. In fact, we are constantly tempted to help the horses up hill by walking, in order to gather these posies to press and send home to friends. A blue clover, the elecapitaine, white and yellow melilot, harebells and bluebells, a yellow pea, and countless other blossoms make redolent the wayside.

In the heart of this forest we suddenly come upon a wayside tavern, a large, two-story building, on the front portico of which people are dining. As we drive up to the door we pass a woman and a dog harnessed together to a cart. Here in what is now the inn (as a tablet on the wall informs us), Andreas Hofer, the William Tell of the Tyrol, was born, and here, in 1809, he had his headquarters.

We have now entered the famous Stubai (stoo-bä'ë) Thal, one of the most magnificent valleys, scenically considered, in the world. On every hand the chains roll off from the blue, brimming Inn. Above, the clouds break on ice-clad peaks that tempt one to explore. Away up on the crest of one of these peaks, seemingly in the center of the valley, a hotel is built, and here we take luncheon, the while enjoying the panorama before us.

Of course, all this country is associated with Andreas

Hofer and the battles of the peasants against the French and Bavarians in the Tyrol, between the months of May and August of 1809—a fight for liberty with which, it is to be hoped, all American boys and girls are familiar.

In the hallway of the hotel antlers and implements of the chase are hung, and upon one wall is tacked one of the old German mottoes, in which country hotels in Austria delight. In German the motto rhymes:

Dies Hauses Schmuck ist Reinlichkeit;
Dies Hauses Gluck, Zufriedenheit;
Dies Hauses Segen, Frommigkeit.*

Everywhere in the Tyrol one sees these mottoes. Our eyes sweep the valley with its chalets, whence rises the tinkle of goat bells; they pass on up to where two huge glaciers break a slope and then fall on a dwelling nearby. On its walls, on either side of the door, is printed in the quaint German type this legend:

Ich habe gebaut nach meiner Sinn,
Und es gafallt mir wohl darin;
Gar mancher shauts und tadelt dran.
Er mag es besser wenn er kann.

This we may translate so:

I have built according to my taste,
And I am well pleased with it;
Many look at it and criticize,—
Let them improve it, if they can.

From the hotel we may walk to a summer-house, where a mosaic table, standing at a height of exactly 1,026 meters above the sea, contains a key to all the view. On a map of mosaic-work the various peaks

* "This house's ornament is cleanliness; this house's fortune, contentment; this house's blessing, piety."

are shown, and, below, the height of each is given. A party of tourists who are spending their vacation afoot, tramping from place to place, scan this closely in preparation for their next pilgrimage.

We drive back to Innsbruck in the quiet of evening, that we may watch the after-glow on the mountains, making a detour to view a handsome bronze monument of Hofer, on a height where the soldiers hold their targetry practice. A little museum, containing Hofer relics and trophies of the Austrian *Jager* (yā'ger) corps of the army, is close by, and those of us who are not too tired ramble about looking over the collections.

We spend one day sight-seeing in Innsbruck itself. The usual plan is to start with the Women's Church, interesting because of the old-fashioned samplers, worked with the German words for "Mary has helped," which are hung on a rail across the interior by the women worshipping here, as penitential offerings. It was in this church that the Emperor Maximilian I worshipped when each year he went in retreat, garbed as a monk, to the neighboring monastery. We visit the monastery later, and are shown his bed and chair.

Again we are interested in the shops. One of the most wonderful things in the world is here to tempt those of us who have anything left in our purses—a cloth actually *woven from cobwebs*, on which are painted views of Innsbruck! This fabric is the work of a young peasant of an adjacent valley. Tiroler majolicas, burnt and carved wood novelties, and, for the hungry, a honey that is almost black in color, are other specialties offered us. Little cages for insects and botanic drums also are numerous, being bought

by the school-children, who are fond of studying botany and zoölogy.

There are several small churches we might visit, but the Hofkirche is the finest of all. Four marble pillars at either side of the central aisle stretch off from the door, and between them one sees, against each side wall, twenty-eight life-size bronze men-at-arms, wearing quaint armor and equipped with old-fashioned weapons. Extending across the body of the church are the pews, high and stiff, as was the fashion when the church was built. In the center of the church is the tomb of the Emperor Maximilian I (though he is buried at Vienna). Eight marble tablets depicting scenes from his life are cut in two rows about the sides, between pillars of a black stone, the whole surrounded by a handsome grating.

In the back part of the church, beneath a monument on which are represented the mountaineers cheering him, Andreas Hofer is buried, while a tablet close by records the deeds of his compatriot, Joseph Speckbacher. It is the very popular custom over the more central part of the Continent to bury the great in the churches, and so here Hofer lies in an edifice which since the time of its erection, way back in 1553, has been the pride of the province.

THE FAR WEST AND UPPER AUSTRIA

WE SCAN our map carefully. We are now at the far western extremity of the great Austro-Hungarian Empire. Just a few miles more, as travelers understand the word "few," and we shall be in Switzerland, Bavaria, or Italy. Looking back at the territory we

have visited—Istria, Carniola, and Croatia, hovering close together just to the east; Dalmatia, on the south, with Bosnia* for boundary; Hungary, that great leviathan lying next toward the east, which we have penetrated to Transylvania—we are at a loss as to which way to turn.

A bit more to the north is the province of Lower Austria, and we saw Lower Austria when we saw Vienna, for that city is the center of everything in the province. Only Salzburg, with the city of that name, and upper Austria, with the town of Linz and the Traun (trown) See, remain, and then we may away to the far north of the Empire.

Salzburg is a beautiful city, with wide promenades and broad, well-paved streets. It is hemmed in by hills, from the top of which there are splendid views to be had, and on most of these hilltops cafés have been built. The city has its Hofburg or governor's palace, its town museum, and the like, as all Austrian cities have, but what interests us most are the home of Mozart and a museum of mementoes of his career. There is one thing for which we must give the Austrians credit: in every town where a great man in any line of work has arisen, we find them perpetuating his memory by preserving his home, and erecting in honor of him museums, monuments, and statues.

A brief excursion to the Traun See is refreshing now, for the beauty of the lake, hemmed in by the mountains, is such as to remind us of the Italian lakes not so very far to the southward.

* Bosnia: An Austrian province in all but fact; but visited on our "Little Journey to the Balkans" and so omitted on this trip.

MORAVIA AND BOHEMIA

WE ARE now prepared for a long railway ride across Moravia, a province so wholly agricultural that it would be almost unknown to Americans were it not for a band of emigrants from here who made their way into our Alleghenies many years ago, and who have there preserved the ancient rites. Their church festivals, notably the Easter service, have some peculiarities that are interesting to the stranger. We, however, are far from the Eastertide now, and so do not halt in this province.

Our way leads north to Prague, the capital of Bohemia, and almost the very northermost point of the Empire. Once we have seen Prague we can well say that we have seen all that is worth the attention of the tourist and the careful traveler in Francis Joseph's great monarchy.

In Prague, as over the rest of Bohemia, we find ourselves sadly hindered again by our inability to speak the language of the inhabitants; for here the Czechish alone is spoken, and a barbarous combination of sounds it is. Beyond the picture gallery and the cathedral, however, we find that there really is not so very much to be seen in Prague. The statuary on the public squares is fine, but on an extended journey one sees so many statues that they fail, toward the last, to impress us. The bridges over the Moldau are splendid spans, and the churches are most impressive.

The picture gallery holds us longest, for here are gathered originals of many of the great masters—Van Ruysdael, Millet, Rembrandt, and Rubens, Jan Steen, Cuyp, and Defregger; one and all are here. We are

very close to picture-gallery land, Germany, at this place, and for an intimate study of these men must go to the great galleries there. We are not urged to linger among the Czechs; they are a race unto themselves, and make us feel that they can do very well without us. So after having made the promenade of the main streets, as every one does at Prague, we prepare to leave. In fact, steamer-departure time is close at hand, and we shall have to race for it, back by rail across country to Munich and Innsbruck, southeast to Milan, and so on to Genoa, whence our boat is to sail. And so, gathering together our souvenirs, our post-cards and our photographs of all this long globe-trotting expedition, we bid Austria-Hungary a final adieu.



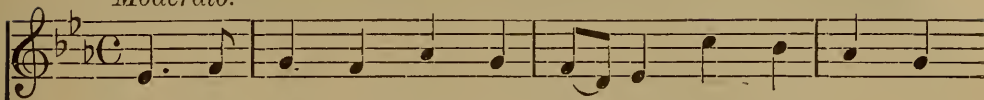
MARIA THERESA MONUMENT, VIENNA

AUSTRIAN NATIONAL SONG.

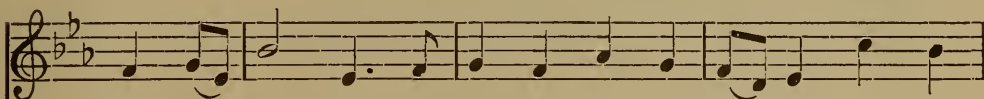
LAURENZ LEOP. HASCHKA, 1797.

J. HAYDN.

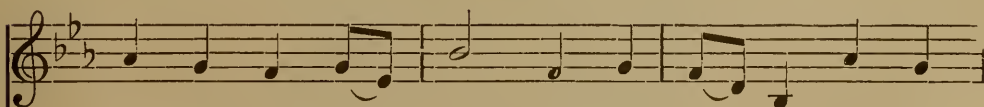
Moderato.



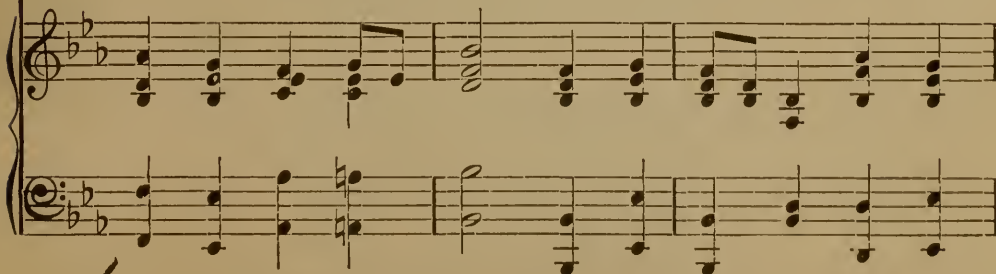
1. God up - hold thee, might-y *Em-p'ror, Mon-arch of our
2. Hap - py flow - 'ry land! his scep - tre Rules o'er val - ley,



*East - ern land; Pow'r and wis - dom e'er at - tend thee, Righteous-
mount and plain; Mild - ly, calm - ly, just - ly rul - eth, He the



ness with thee shall stand; Till with lau - rel crown'd, a
peo - ple's love would gain; Yet his weap-oned might, in



*Persons familiar with the German language will prefer to use the word *Kaiser*, as more euphonious. *Austria* or *Oestereich* means *Eastern Kingdom*.

AUSTRIAN NATIONAL SONG.

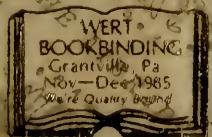
vic - tor, All hearts bow at thy com - mand. God up-
splen-dor, Beams thro' all the land a - main. God up-

hold thee, and de - fend thee, Em-p'rour of our Aus - trian land!
hold thee, War - rior, Fa - ther, Mon-arch of the Aus - trian land!

3 He delights the poor to cherish,
He awakes the minstrel's lay;
He would not that any perish,
All admire the gentle sway.
"Heaven reward him, God defend him,"
Thus we sing and thus we pray;
Kaiser, Emperor, Monarch, Father,
All thy peaceful rule obey!

4 He from bondage will deliver,
He would make us truly free;
In the German heart shall ever
He the brightest memory be.
Till in other worlds, a welcome
Greets in blest eternity;
God defend thee, God attend thee,
Emperor, Franz, all hail to thee!





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